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THE FRONT PAGE

IN addressing a committee of the Ontario Legislature the other day in connection with the application of the Toronto Electric Light Company to issue another million dollars' worth of stock at par to the shareholders, although the stock is now selling at 160, Mr. W. R. Brock said: "There seems to be a wave of socialism sweeping over the country at present." This was said because representatives of the city of Toronto were present opposing the application of the company. The city has a bill before the Legislature asking for authority to expropriate the company—in other words, buy it out.

Sure enough, there is a wave of some kind passing over the country. But it is not socialism, as socialism is understood by men who organize under the name of Socialists. It is even more serious than that, more likely to lead to consequences, for it affects nearly the whole body of public opinion. What started this thought wave? Or if you like to speak of it in other terms: What aroused this prejudice against so many companies and corporations? Does the blame not rest very largely on the companies? Have they not, nearly every one of them, ignored public opinion and treated it as a force with which they have no concern?

Take the case of Toronto and the companies with which it has dealings. Two electric light companies merged, although one of them had contracted not to do so. They found a way of doing it legally, notwithstanding the contract—and being able to do it legally they did not refrain from doing it through deference to public opinion.

The Consumers' Gas Company originated in a people's movement—the shareholders were limited by law to a profit of 10 per cent., all else to apply in reducing the price of gas to the consumers. But the company has used all its brains and those of the best lawyers to get away from any simple and candid performance of its contract. Public opinion was not considered at all.

The Street Railway Company made a contract with the city—and has disputed every clause in the agreement favorable to the city, all those clauses to which they assented and put their signatures when getting their franchise. Every clause has to be fought out at law up to the Privy Council. Here, again, public opinion is treated as of no account.

The Bell Telephone Company held public opinion in disdain for years, until it got light on the subject.

The steam railways have the right to expropriate property for railway entrances, for station sites, sheds, etc. Whatever they want they take—the law authorizes them to do this, and, as for public opinion, they proceed as if it did not exist.

The companies can generally win in the courts because general managers are usually abler men than mayors, boards of directors wiser than boards of aldermen, and a company can always hire a lawyer who is smarter than the city solicitor he has to cope with.

The companies can generally get what they want from Parliament or the Legislature because they know whom to send to see each member whose support they want, while a municipality confines its efforts to deputations of speechmakers who talk tediously to a committee pledged in advance to refuse what they ask for. Even in their dealings with Parliament and the Legislature the companies have pressed for what they wanted, quite regardless of public opinion—smirching the fame of cabinets and discolored the good names of members.

What wonder, then, if this disregarded Public Opinion begins to enquire at last what it can do about all these things? What wonder if people begin to say that if no contract they can make with a company is worth the paper it is written on, they should quit making contracts with companies and try doing things for themselves? What wonder if Government, finding that Public Opinion can make and unmake Governments, begin to listen less and less to companies and more and more to Public Opinion? No wonder at all. The only room for wonder in connection with the whole matter is that able business men should for years ignore this Public Opinion which is capable of generating a power destructive of them. Companies have the idea that money wins in law; that money wins in politics; that a political party cannot win without a big campaign fund, and cannot get a big campaign fund except from the companies. They forget that a political party needs money mostly when bucking against Public Opinion—but if a political party turns about and gallops with Public Opinion, money loses control of the situation.

LAST year when the annual meeting of the Canadian National Exhibition was held all the directors chosen were residents of the city of Toronto except one and he resided in the county of York. The directors for 1907 will be elected at a meeting soon to be held and the mistake of last year should not be repeated. Toronto as a city and as owner of the exhibition property has no interest in seeing a lot of Toronto men crowd upon the directorate of the Fair to the exclusion of all others; in fact neither Toronto's interests nor desires are in that direction. Last year the Board itself had to confess the error made at the annual meeting, and call upon men who reside in different parts of the province to take on themselves the duty of directors. This year an attempt should be made to elect something other than a purely local board of directors for an exhibition that is National in its name and scope.

Twenty-four directors are to be elected—eight are chosen from the City Council by the City Council. Sixteen are elected at the annual meeting—eight to represent the manufacturers, arts and miscellaneous interests; and eight to represent agriculture, etc. This is a capital distribution of representation on the directorate. The municipality as the financial backer of the enterprise is entitled to eight seats on the Board; so with the manufacturing interests, and so with the interests broadly grouped under the name of agriculture. But the way it worked out last year only one man of the twenty-four was a non-resident of Toronto. There

must be representative farmers, horsemen, cattlemen, sheepmen and dairymen, who do not reside in Toronto. The men chosen to represent agriculture last year were Lieut.-Col. McGillivray, H. R. Frankland, Dr. Andrew Smith, John E. Kent, Col. Lessard, R. J. Score, and John Dryden, all of Toronto, and W. H. Pugsley, of Richmond Hill. No doubt these men have made excellent directors, and perhaps some of them have been nearly indispensable, but the whole Board must feel that some of these men must make way for others, and relieve the governing body of the charge that it is wholly a city concern. Last year, after the annual meeting, it was pointed out in these columns that the blame largely rests on the municipal representatives who, after choosing eight directors, step into the annual meeting twenty-six strong and help elect the other sixteen. These twenty-six voters have no favors to ask of strangers; as a rule they vote for their friends, and their friends are among the city men who are candidates.

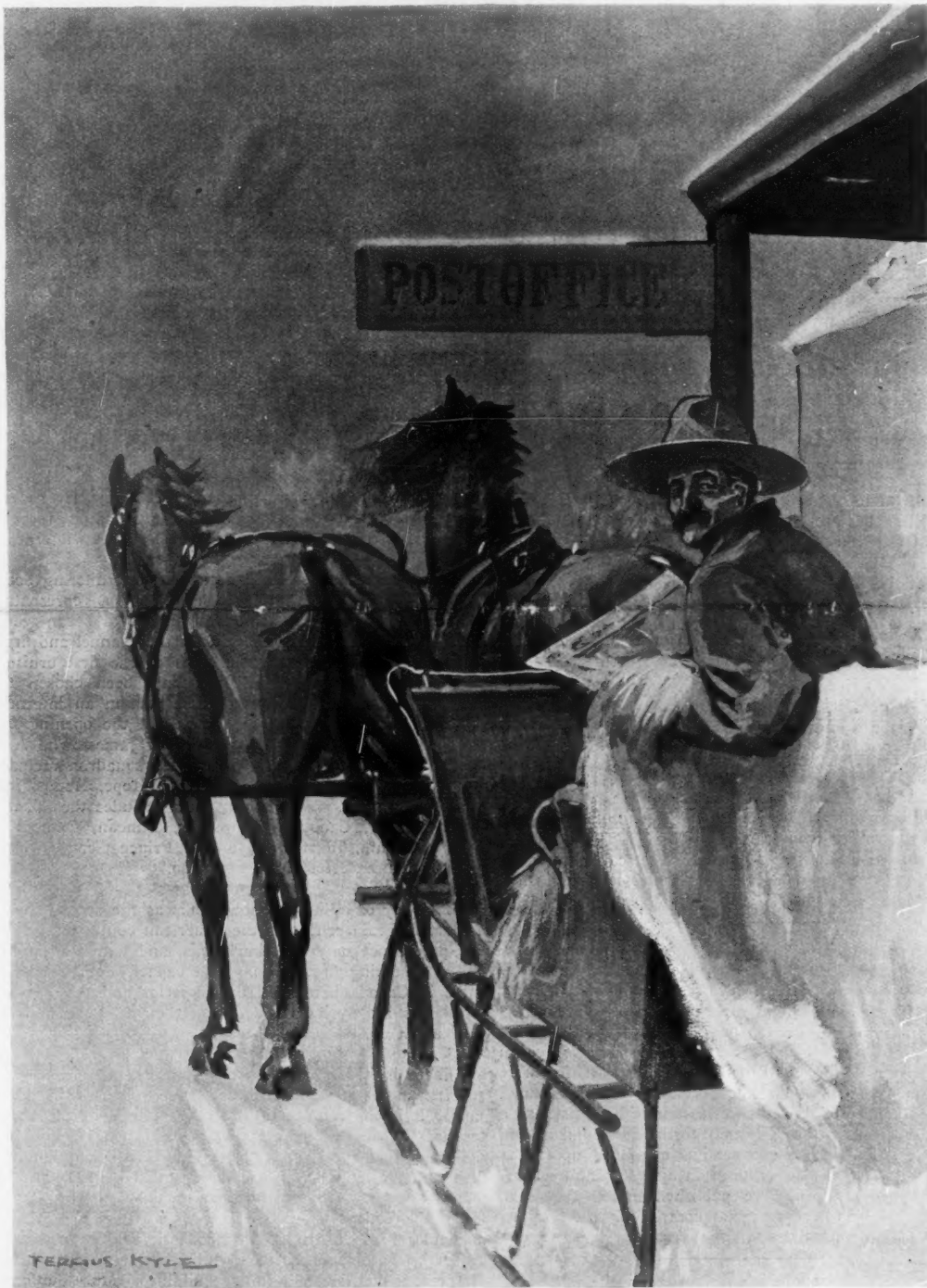
One remedy for this evil of one-sidedness on a Board that should be as widely representative as possible, would

desiring the transfer of a license, alleging that the payment will influence the action of the Commissioners, the money will be worse than wasted, for the Board will not be influenced, but will, on learning of the payment of money to anybody for any such purpose, reject the application forthwith. If they find that money has been paid in this way in connection with any license or transfer already granted they reserve the right to cancel it.

A peculiar case was reported from a Western State not long ago. A judge was astonished one day to receive a large sum of money to influence his decision in an important case appearing before him, followed almost immediately by another sum of money in connection with another case. Being an upright judge he was horrified at these attempts to bribe him, and in open court he exposed the plots, ordering the offenders to be placed under arrest. Then came revelations. It was learned that the judge's brother, who had just died, had for years made a handsome income by going to litigants and securing money from them for a favorable verdict from the judge. When an unfavorable verdict was given the

gone wrong during the past twelve months. The News, which strongly condemned the Government a year ago for yielding to the corrupt element in politics and crowding out of office a Board absolutely sure to control the licenses without partisanship and without graft, puts into cold type some of the rumors that are flying about, and they seem serious enough. It appears that the chairman, Dr. Wilson, received a cheque for \$1,000, and experienced some such sensations as the upright judge already mentioned. He arrested the cheque, demands to know what it is for, and what it indicates. The Board, it is said, compelled a license holder to sell out for \$9,000 less than the purchaser had agreed to pay, although certain parties had asked and received \$1,000 for their influence with the Board in his behalf. There are so many rumors of funny business that a searching enquiry is necessary.

When Messrs. Flavelle, Davidson and Murray resigned they issued a statement in which they said they were convinced that a straight and non-partisan control of licenses was no longer desired, and so they quit. They could scarcely have expected, however, that within one short year scandal would precipitate an investigation.



JACK CANUCK—Going to fix up the House of Lords a bit, are they? Pshaw! They're behind the times. Over our way we've been Reforming the Senate for the last ten years.

be for the City Council to be deprived of the right to join in electing the remaining sixteen directors, after having already named eight from among their own number. Another remedy would be to have it imposed as a condition that at least one-third of the directors shall be non-residents of the city. Perhaps a third and better plan would be for the twenty-six voters who represent the municipality at the general meeting to voluntarily abstain this year from casting ballots in choosing the sixteen directors. This courteous action would produce good feeling, would do away with the desire for a change in the method of electing directors, and would leave in the hands of the municipality the right to interfere should it seem at a future time that the interests of the city—as banker for the concern—were not being sufficiently looked after.

SOME people make money in queer ways and there are good reasons for believing that in Toronto alone there has been many a wad of money collected for so-called party purposes that no political party ever got the benefit of. When a man forks over money secretly he may have his own reasons for not tracing the uses to which it is put. He may think he knows where the money went, and he may be right, but he can never find out with certainty. One of the griefs of the crooked politician is that he can never be sure that he gets dishonest work honestly done. The Toronto License Commissioners have issued a peculiar notice. They warn whom it may concern that if any person collects money from any applicant for a liquor license or from anyone

money was returned, the understanding being that the other side had put up a more handsome price. The reprobate brother carried on a thriving trade that was only revealed when rendered unable to continue it, and the feelings of the upright judge when he learned in what esteem he had long been held, may be imagined. The License Commissioners do not propose to allow a reprobate brother to thrive at their expense.

THE Provincial Secretary has found it necessary to take action, and Mr. J. R. L. Starr has been appointed a special commissioner to enquire into allegations made against the License Board, or against those who may be accused of wolfing on license holders having dealings with that body. This mix-up will possess a general interest because of the wide discussion that occurred about a year ago when the License Board composed of three leading Conservative citizens resigned in a body because the Whitney Government had dismissed the old inspectors against the desire of the Board and, as they charged, at the instigation of ward-healers of the party. It has taken but one year to fill the air with rumors of scandal, producing such a condition that an investigation promising sensational disclosures is to be held. The License Department of the Government has been prompt in ordering an enquiry, and in view of the position in which it placed itself in relinquishing the services one year ago of Mr. Flavelle, Col. John I. Davidson, and Major Murray, it is up to the Government to make the investigation a thorough cure-all for whatever may have

A CANADIAN resident in Boston writes to say that he read with interest the comments in these columns on the Swettenham incident and thought the view taken was the correct one. "It seems," he adds, "that time is going to justify it, for I notice in the Boston Herald a very interesting letter from a man I know very well and in whose judgment everybody in Boston has confidence." Our correspondent encloses the published letter of Dr. Henry B. Blackwell, together with an editorial comment thereon by the Boston Herald, concluding with the words: "Sir Alfred Jones has manifestly been the victim of a wilful misrepresentation." Dr. Blackwell's letter was as follows: "On my return from Jamaica I learn with surprise that fault has been found with Sir Alfred Jones and the officers of the big Bristol steamship Port Kingston for discourtesy toward tourists and other sufferers from the earthquake. Such censure is unjust and wholly without foundation. My own party of four and many others were rescued from the shore of the Myrtle Bank Hotel by the Port Kingston launch, and were conveyed by it to that vessel. We were there lodged and entertained free of expense for 24 hours. More than 50 wounded people were also taken on board and cared for by the ship's doctor. And when, on the afternoon next day, we all had to be removed to give place to 200 passengers whose staterooms were engaged en route to Barbadoes, the sufferers were tenderly placed under shelter, and we were then supplied with food and lodging in the sheds of the Hamburg-American line, whose agent, Capt. Forwood, was most hospitable and considerate during the succeeding 36 hours while awaiting the arrival of the ill-fated steamer Prince Waldemar. To Sir Alfred Jones, the officers of the Port Jackson, and the Hamburg-American representatives, Jamaica tourists and many earthquake sufferers are under obligations for generous aid and hospitality."

NOW that the momentary excitement has passed, not one but many of the newspapers of the United States are beginning to see that there were two sides to the Swettenham incident, and considerable unfairness in the news despatches sent from Jamaica at the outset. For instance, an article by Perry Robinson appears in The Bellman, a high-class weekly published in Minneapolis. Mr. Robinson seems to be an American at present in London, and he finds for Governor Swettenham an excuse. "The excuse, of course, lay in the fact," he writes, "that Admiral Davis was altogether too unceremonious and officious. He seems to have failed to get the hang of the situation and to grasp the fact that the governor of a British colony, with forty years of experience to back him, and something over a thousand troops, two companies of artillery and a local police force under his command, prefers to be allowed to run the affairs of his own bailiwick." Governor Swettenham had at hand the colored West Indian Regiment, which, like the Sikhs and Goorkhas of India, and the colored troops in the United States, are extraordinarily sensitive lest they be regarded as inferior to other and white troops. They want their loyalty to be recognized and their efficiency relied upon. The opportunity of the West Indian Regiment had come. "It was up to them," writes Mr. Robinson, "to show that they could hold their own people down, keep order and stop any sign of riot or looting. They would not have parted with the privilege for any bribe, and (this is the opinion of military men to whom I have talked) it would have been sheer folly, madness, on Swettenham's part—an intolerable insult to the colored troops—to allow anyone, least of all any foreigner, to step in and help them with the job. Friction would have been inevitable. Even if actual conflict between parties of American marines and the colored troops could have been avoided, there would have been bitter, sullen discontent in the West Indians, which would have led inevitably to insubordination. The effect on the local colored population, too, must have been disastrous." This is the other side of the story as told by this writer in a Minneapolis paper—British authority had to show its competence in this emergency, and above all, had to exhibit faith in its Jamaican soldiers. But this writer, while endorsing Swettenham's course of action, strongly condemns the letter he wrote. "It was," he says, "a beast of a letter."

AT one of our summer resorts last season a lady bearing a name well-known in the politics of the United States complied somewhat too technically with the amenities of nations by hoisting on her island flag-staff a star-spangled banner about the size of a tablecloth surmounted by a Jack about the size of a postage stamp. The whole affair mysteriously came down one night, whereupon the lady offered a reward of \$200 for the apprehension of the miscreant who had offered this insult to "the American flag," our own emblem not being deemed worth mentioning in connection with the matter. This bit of spread-eaglesism fortunately added enough humor to the situation to

prevent real unpleasantness. Instances almost without end could be cited showing how summer tourists from across the border make it a point to flourish their flag with the utmost vigor and with an almost complete disregard of the fact that here another and an older flag is entitled to every respect received by their own at home. Some of them seem not only unwilling but unable to understand it. The discourtesy of others is unmistakable. "Unless the matter is regulated in time," says one reader, "and surely there must be well recognized practices in such matters that could be published and posted up, this bad-mannered habit will one day lead to a most regrettable affair." The universal laws of good sense ought to suffice to put a stop to these crass discourtesies, but if they fail, there seems no recourse but to let the regrettable affair happen. No doubt it will be deeply deplorable when it comes—flag episodes always are, but some of them are highly educative.

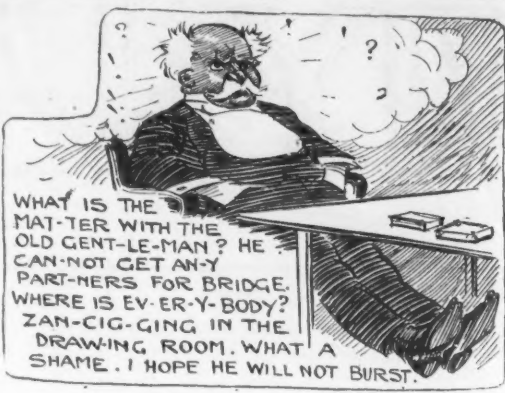
It is very amusing to observe the pained surprise with which Americans protest against the expression of such sentiments in the columns of a Canadian paper. It is amusing because the very same men would fall in a fit if they saw six square yards of our flag surmounted by one yard of theirs at an American summer resort. The Canadian who goes to the States for his health does not take with him a flag to fly in the breeze. He rests better at night if he lets the flag of the country he is in fan its own breezes. Our summer resorts are largely patronized by American tourists, but let me remind American readers who are so prompt to mention this when flag flaunting at our summer resorts is referred to in the press, that Canada gives more than she gets in her total dealings with the Republic. In the markets where we do our international trading, Canadians spend eighty million dollars more with them than they do with us. In the year 1905 Canada bought \$152,000,000 worth of goods from the United States and sold to them only \$70,000,000 worth.

In view of all the facts, it might fairly be expected that the better class of American tourists in Canada would set their countrymen an example in good manners in so far as flags are concerned.

It is curious how the purpose of a written article can be misunderstood. Having been in the Press Gallery at Ottawa recently after an absence of five or six years, I was greatly impressed by the changes on the ministerial front benches that had occurred between those two visits—changes the full force of which could not fail to impress one who had in his mind a picture of those front seats and of the men who occupied them on a former visit. From those seats had disappeared six men who, half a dozen years ago, constituted nearly the whole bulk and force of the Government—Sir Richard Cartwright, the giant of debate; Hon. J. I. Tarte, who had organized Quebec; Sir William Mulock, who had organized Ontario; Hon. Clifford Sifton, who had organized the West; Hon. A. G. Blair, who had led New Brunswick with a lariat; and Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, an able and facile Minister of Justice. That six men of commanding size should have vacated those front benches in five or six years was surely interesting enough to warrant comment. But the St. Thomas Journal is led to suspect that Sir Wilfrid Laurier must have "done something" to the writer of these lines to call forth such an article. The guess is wide of the mark. The present Premier of Canada, is, in the opinion of this page, the foremost Canadian of his day and the natural leader of his time. One of the six men mentioned retired only to the Senate—no other leader, perhaps not even Sir John Macdonald, could have parted in five years with five such men as have dropped out of Sir Wilfrid's cabinet without risking disaster. At least two of the five, Mr. Tarte and the late Mr. Blair, dropped out as the result of estrangement, and say what you will, people have not ceased speculating as to why Sir William Mulock and Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick stepped out of a political field wherein they were so successful. However, the Premier remains strong notwithstanding the loss of so many able lieutenants. By his losses the Oppositionists have gained nothing, nor has any particular portion of his own party shown disaffection. Experienced politicians in both parties admit in their private conversation that while Sir Wilfrid lives and leads his party, his party will be unbeatable. It has been said by a writer discussing the railway and financial magnates of the United States, J. J. Hill is peculiar among them all in this, that even when his lieutenants are drawn away by larger salaries offered by rival railway systems, they remain loyal to him personally, and have no desire to injure his interests. Some of the other men have no enemies so bitter as their former lieutenants. Men have stepped—some have been escorted—out of Sir Wilfrid's cabinet, yet not one has raised a hand against him. Business men the world over know how keen is the malice of the discharged employee, and they will admire the quality of a leader who can retain the loyalty of a whole series of ex-viziers, or faded favorites. Nothing more is heard of the old story that Sir Wilfrid is not master of his administration; now the question is rather one as to whether he is not too much its master.

Be that as it may, have we not in Canada drifted into a system by which the man who occupies the Premiership is too much the master of Parliament? The individual members do not create and uphold a leader; the leader tolerates the individual members so long as they prove obedient, and the man who disobeys—the man who judges for himself and speaks up the belief that is in him—is destroyed; the patronage of his constituency is taken from him and made use of as a means to induce his riding to reject him. The ridings no longer constitute the broad basis on which the party rests; the head office of the party holds each riding in control, and makes and unmakes members. If a member claims the right to speak his mind because he represents the people, he soon learns that the people do not count for much, for the head office of the party named him as the candidate, supplied the campaign fund used in his election, wants him there no longer and will "appoint" somebody else for the people to "elect." This system is sure to wear out in time, and the people will recover the Parliament they have let slip out of their hands. MACK.

One hundred and eighty-five monthly and one hundred and seventy-nine weekly journals in the United States and Canada are devoted exclusively to the advocacy of trade unionism. These 364 publications, which number does not include socialist periodicals, reach a not inconsiderable portion of the laboring community and exercise an influence in it which is little suspected. There are in North America approximately 2,500,000 working people organized into trades unions, and each of them receives the official organ of the craft to which he or she belongs and usually one or two other labor papers.



Ups and Downs of Real Life.

BOTH had travelled; had seen much, and like the sages of Greece they were philosophers. She was handsome, blonde, commanding, strong; a woman of forty perhaps.

He was eight and forty; clean cut, straight, and hair tinged with grey. He had been a captain in one of England's crack regiments. Then the old story; money lost, not sufficient left from the wreck to maintain his position. So he roamed and at last found a niche in the Dominion. The woman had won her position; a commanding one in Canadian society. They met not long ago. "The ups and downs of life," remarked the man musingly. "Well, I have dined with the King at Aldershot, and I have scrubbed decks beside a Lascar in the South Pacific."

She mused a moment and with a shake of her fine head, said: "I never dined with the King of England; but I'll tell you what, I've scrubbed floors beside a Negro woman."

Instinctively two arms were raised; two hands met in a firm, warm clasp, and then they parted like the philosophers they were.

A Ballad of Dead Chivalry.

Rev. J. E. Starr, in giving evidence before the Ontario Railway Board in the hearing of the city's case against the Toronto Railway Co., in regard to the overcrowding of the cars, stated that men had lost their chivalry, and no longer gave women their seats in the street cars.

Oh, gone are the days of gay romance,
Of the gallant knights and the ladies fair,
Of the shining steel and the pennoned lance,
Of a lass to love and a death to dare.
More matter-of-fact is the modern heir
Of the long-dead, courtly, chivalrous chaps;
He has paid for his seat and he sticks right there,
And the women cling to the street car straps.

In the days of old, men sighed for a chance
To serve their ladies, their loves declare;
Risked life or limb for a smile or a glance,
Or her token, high in the helm to wear.
But now, alas, are such heroes rare,
We hear of them once in a while, perhaps,
While the preachers get in the box and swear
That the women cling to the street car straps.

Since the days of old we have made advance,
As the whole wide world is well aware;
Nowadays Nora and Nell and Nance,
When they go forth in the world to fare,
Find few gay gallants, debonair,
Willing to rise from their cushioned snags;
The men sit still and at papers stare,
While the women cling to the street car straps.

L'ENVOI.

Our father Adam was in a trance
When mother Eve came to him, minus her wraps.
His sons are still in his circumstance,
While the women cling to the street car straps.
W. F. Wiggins.

Toronto, Feb., 1907.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the English novelist and newspaper writer, is probably the oldest woman in active journalistic work. Mrs. Hoey is still a busy writer for the press, and bears lightly the burden of her seventy-six years. Her first newspaper article was written more than half a century ago, in 1853. She was for seven years on the literary staff of the Morning Post, for more than double that period on the Spectator. When Edmund Yates founded the World, she was one of his most active helpers. She contributed largely to the first number, and her association with the paper has continued up to the present time. She also wrote in Temple Bar, and several serials from her pen were published in All the Year Round. She has been a regular contributor to American and Canadian journals.

The corrected immigration returns for the past year show that Ontario has received 41,958 immigrants from the Old Land, which is the largest number coming into the Province in any one year. In December 1905, arrived, a substantial increase over the same month in 1905. Every month shows an advance over the corresponding period of 1905, the increase for the whole year being 12,572. The Church Army sent out about 3,000 emigrants to Ontario.

Lord Elgin told the Australians in London recently that "one of the greatest difficulties in the way of bringing about a unity of sentiment between those responsible in this country and those similarly responsible in the Colonies was the want of acquaintance." The Canadian Gazette's comment on this statement is: "We cordially agree. Lord Elgin was born in Montreal, and has not, we believe, seen Canada since he assumed the dignity of knickerbockers."

It is generally agreed in the United States that the most significant idea in Secretary Taft's recent declaration of his attitude towards the Republican nomination for President is the implied purpose of not accepting a place on the bench of the Supreme Court until after the next Republican convention.

There are people who suppose that all United States newspapers are alike. Not exactly. The Herald of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is different, at all events. It says: "It is a 'vulgar mob' that throngs around the Thaw trial. But it is no more vulgar than the parties interested."

In the World's Work for February Miss Agnes C. Laut, the novelist, writes enthusiastically about Canada's prospects.

The New Idea in Advertising.

SO much money is spent in advertising by the business men of to-day that a general interest will attach to the statements made by Mr. Harrison Parker of the Chicago Tribune in an address delivered by him at the meeting of the Canadian Press Association in Toronto last week. His paper found itself a few years ago in an undesirable position. Journals cheaper and more sensational than itself had entered the field and piled up very large circulations, and advertisers had got into the rough and ready habit of valuing advertising solely by the gross circulation of the paper containing it. His paper issued 150,000 copies per day; another issued 350,000, while a third issued no less than 700,000. The conditions remain pretty much the same yet, but to-day the paper he represents publishes more advertising and receives higher rates than either of the others. This is because the business men of Chicago have learned that it is not only quantity of circulation that counts, but quality.

Everything depends on what a man has to sell. He should choose his advertising medium to suit the goods he wants to advertise, the people he wants to reach. Not to quote Mr. Parker but to give the gist of his reasoning, the new idea in advertising is this, that the advertiser does not demand which paper has the greatest gross circulation, but which paper circulates the most copies among the class of people with whom the advertiser may hope to transact business; or if two papers be equal in this regard, which paper is more read and better thought of, for those who buy a paper but do not read it will not be reached by its advertisements. It is possible for a daily paper to have what may be called a large scare-head circulation—papers bought, glanced at, and thrown aside. Whatever percentage of this class of circulation a paper may have is of no value to an advertiser. Of some paper the man who wants to sell automobiles, fine jewelry, furs, etc., may say at once: "At least ninety per cent. of its circulation will be of little value to me, as ninety per cent. of its circulation falls into the hands of people who could not possibly buy that which I want to sell." Another paper with less gross circulation may reach a vastly larger number of possible customers. After all, the whole aim of the advertiser is to get in touch with people who are possible purchasers.

This is the new idea in advertising, and it is the sound idea underlying the whole business.

Winnipeg is where they do things. This is really the place where the frontier was abolished. A kingdom is sold daily in Winnipeg, an army marched in by rail to occupy it overnight. The yards of the Canadian Pacific Railway alone in Winnipeg have over 120 miles of trackage, and they need it. The immigrants come by battalions—Englishmen in caps, Scotchmen in bonnets, Breton French in blue coats, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Austrians, Mennonites, Galicians—all manner of furtive folk and wild. There are fifteen known languages in the Winnipeg schools, and a lot too late to classify. When you see a stranger, writes Emerson Hough in Outing, you cannot tell whether or not he is within the range of human speech. You bitterly reflect only that he is one of those who have wiped out the old frontier, lost it forever to those who love the wilderness.

Next summer there will be a notable gathering both at Halifax and Quebec of British battleships, representative of the best types of modern engines of ocean warfare. They will include the pick of the channel and first cruiser squadron fleets. The ships of the first cruiser squadron with the channel fleet have been chosen to proceed to Hampton Roads to take part in an international demonstration on the occasion of the opening by President Roosevelt of an exhibition of Jamestown, Virginia. The ships of the first cruiser squadron include the Antrim, Argyll, Devonshire, Good Hope, Hampshire and Roxborough. The channel fleet includes the Albermarle, Caesar, Canopus, Cornwallis, Duncan, Exmouth, Glory, Goliath, Illustrious, Jupiter, Prince George, Sussex, Swiftsure, Triumph and Venson.

The city of Winnipeg now ranks as the second most important grain centre on the American continent, yielding precedence only to Minneapolis, and with the possibility of taking first place. The capacity of the flour mills in Canada between Lake Superior and the Pacific Coast has largely increased during the past year, and is now about 35,000 barrels per day.

There is hardly any other sentence that is repeated so often in the United States as "Have a drink with me," unless it is the remark of the other fellow to the bartender, "Fill 'em up again." New York spends a million dollars a day for drinks. The annual consumption of drinks in the United States amounts to \$1,400,000,000.

In the United States there were more suicides than homicides in 1906—10,125 to 9,350. Lynchings claimed 69 deaths, automobile accidents killed 209 outright, while 483 persons met death by falling buildings. More hunters were killed by their friends shooting at them by mistake than met their death at the hands of Judge Lynch.

In the battle of Mukden between the Russian and Japanese forces, the Russian losses were said to amount to about 90,000 men. During the year ending June 30, 1904, the casualties on railroads in the United States amounted to exactly 94,201. Of these 10,046 were deaths from injuries.

The fisheries of Nova Scotia produced last year about \$8,000,000, and of this over \$2,000,000 is derived from lobsters, of which Canada provides almost the whole of the world's supply.

Wm. Pitt & Co.

11 and 13 King Street East

Acknowledged Leaders for Artistic
Dinner and Evening Gowns
Wedding Trousseau
Opera Mantles
Tailored Suits

Paris Kid Glove Store
Gloves in all the Newest Shades,
Evening Gloves in all lengths,
Corsets—La Greque and La Spide.

Grass Cloths

have become a very important section of our stock. This beautiful material (looking like raw silk on the wall) comes to us from Japan in lovely tones, and takes the place of burlap where a more refined treatment is desired.

ELLIOTT & SON, Limited

79 King Street West, Toronto

There's Something More
than a mere satisfying of the appetite, to be derived from a meal at

The St. Charles Dutch Grill.....

(70 YONGE STREET)

If you appreciate dainty appointments, the best of service, and more than ordinary good cooking, you will appreciate this unique restaurant.

DIAMOND SHIRT STUDS

Our diamonds are quite at home exposed on a shirt front. They simply beam with quality. Quality is the keynote of our success with diamonds. Prices run from about \$10 upwards.

WANLESS & Co.
TORONTO

Fresh, Fragrant Flowers

If you are in need of flowers write us and we will advise you. We have the choicest of Roses, Violets, Orchids, Lily-of-the-Valley and other seasonable varieties.

Send for our price-list, we guarantee the delivery

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96 Yonge St. - - - TORONTO

HOCKEY SKATES AND SUPPLIES

ANKLE SUPPORTS SHIN PADS HOCKEY BOOTS
GAUNTLETS, Etc.

We carry a full stock of

Moccasins, Toboggans and Snowshoes

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LIMITED

Cor. King and Victoria Streets, TORONTO

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Reports on Securities
furnished on application.
Bonds and Stock bought
and sold on Commission.

A. E. Ames & Co.

LIMITED
7-9 King St. E. TORONTO

ASSETS
\$1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID-UP \$1,000,000
RESERVE FUND \$100,000

CENTRAL CANADA
LOAN & SAVINGS
COMPANY
INCORPORATED
DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND INVESTED

WYATT & CO.
(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)
BUY AND SELL
Stocks, Bonds and Cash Shares
46 KING STREET WEST
Telephone Main 7342 and 7343.
Correspondence Solicited.

Savings
Deposits
of one dollar and upwards
received. Interest allowed.

THE METROPOLITAN BANK
Capital paid up - \$1,000,000
Reserve fund - \$1,000,000

Royal Insurance Company
(OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND)
LIFE DEPARTMENT
CANADIAN POLICYHOLDERS
share in the
PROFITS OF THE COMPANY'S
ENTIRE LIFE BUSINESS.
Toronto Office, 27-29 Wellington St. East
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is the most desirable Executor, Administrator,
Guardian or Trustee:
It is perpetual and responsible
and saves the trouble, risk and
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administration.

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Company of Canada
Head Office 17 Richmond St. West

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HOME BANK OF CANADA
FULL INTEREST AT
HIGHEST RATE PAID
ON SAVING ACCOUNTS
HEAD OFFICE AND TORONTO BRANCH
8 King Street West
CITY BRANCHES OPEN 7
TO 9 O'CLOCK SATURDAY
NIGHTS
78 Church Street
Queen West, Corner Bathurst

Bank of Hamilton
Dividend Notice
NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 2½
per cent. on the capital stock of the Bank,
being at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum for
the quarter ending 28th February, has this day
been declared, and that the same will be payable
at the Bank and its branches on 1st March next.
The Transfer Books will be closed from 21st to
28th February, both inclusive.
By order of the Board.
J. TURNBULL,
General Manager.
Hamilton, 21st January, 1907.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



SIR JOHN CARLING, London.

MONTREAL, Feb. 14.
AS expected the interests of the city of Montreal have yielded to the Light, Heat and Power people. Ald. Payette, chairman of the Finance Committee, who, by the way, is one of the brainiest men in the council, has at last engineered his bill through, whereby the Power Company will obtain an exclusive gas and electrical franchise for a twenty year period. Strange as it may appear Power stock has not, since the vote, shown much disposition to advance. This, however, would not be in the present interests of those back of the deal. Just wait until the contract is signed, sealed and delivered, and Mr. Rodolphe Forget gets back from France. He is the only one in Montreal apparently, who can successfully operate a first-class stock boom. The passing of the bill through the City Council must have been a hard blow to the Beauharnois Canal Company, which corporation has just secured rights from the Dominion Government to develop electrical energy from this old cast off Government waterway. One of the chief promoters of the Beauharnois canal scheme as well as the St. Lawrence Power Company (the latter now developing power on the Cornwall canal) is George G. Foster, K. C. This gentleman was one of the prime movers in the Robert Syndicate which, after a long process of law, cost the Light, Heat and Power Company over a quarter million dollars, the details of which have before been given in these columns. Mr. Foster, who is one of the shrewdest corporation lawyers in Canada, played a prominent part in the Robert matter, and his share of the profits ran into a great many thousands of dollars. With power at both Cornwall and Beauharnois, with a strong syndicate behind it, and with Mr. Foster at its head, there is a chance of their yet making it warm in and around Montreal for the present monopoly. If anyone can find a hole in a contract, and who will set about to take full advantage of it, that man's name is George G. Foster, K. C.

Sir William Van Horne told the other day of an odd incident worth repeating in connection with the driving of the last spike on the C. P. R. It was back in November, 1885, when this historic ceremony took place. The Hon. Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, was the man of the hour. About him were gathered foremen, superintendents, directors, workmen and railway contractors, all interested in the driving of the golden spike which proclaimed that Canada's first trans-Atlantic railway had been completed from the Atlantic to the Pacific. To receive the precious spike a hole had been carefully bored in the tie. At the same moment, however, it was found that the circumference of the auger was greater than that of the golden spike, the consequence being that it was found necessary to stuff up the hole somewhat in order that the driving had at least the appearance of being real. Some bright mind suggested that they might fill the hole with snow of which there was a quantity on all sides. This was done and the historic moment arrived, 9.30 a.m., Nov. 7, 1885. Donald Smith stood over the hole, sledge in hand. The spike was nicely adjusted. Up went the sledge and came down with a resounding whack on the bit of precious metal. But alas, the melting snow had not been reckoned on. In slipped the spike under the sturdy blow of the sledge, and up came a stream of watery slush as if from a squirt gun, catching the C. P. R.'s first president right square in the face.

What a wonderful old man is Lord Strathcona. In 1885, twenty-two years ago, when he drove that golden spike, he was as white as he is now, and looked well nigh as old. On his last visit to Montreal, that of a few days ago, there was still spring in his step; energy in every movement. He hopped in and out of a sleigh like a man of thirty-five. During his short visit to Montreal, a stay of a few days only, he saw more people, went to more functions of a public or semi-public character, than the average man does in six months; and besides he had time to attend to his own business; he interviewed by a half dozen newspaper men, and shake the hands of hundreds of his old friends. To a newspaper writer there never was a man more easy of access than Lord Strathcona, and at the same time he is a most difficult man to interview, inasmuch as he always allows the interviewer to do the talking. First thing one knows His Lordship is asking the questions and the interviewer is doing his best to answer. How the weather has been? What are the reports from the last storm in the West? Is Mr. So-and-so still about? He runs on until finally you think there is an opening, and the question is launched thus: "My Lord, are the people of England really in earnest respecting the abrogation of the powers of the House of Lords?" or any of a half dozen other equally interesting questions of the day. The old man has apparently not heard, for he says in a fatherly sort of way: "Fond of flowers? come into the conservatory and see mine. Fine roses there, beautiful, look at the coloring; and how sweet they are." Try it again with no better result, and finally you come away, with little "copy," but an ever increasing respect for the sagacity of Lord Strathcona.

Elihu Root, whose visit to Canada terminated a few days ago proved another hard nut for the newspaper men. Like Lord Strathcona he is easy of access. No frills, no fluster. A good type of a democratic American. He talks with freedom and talks well, but says nothing that will make good "copy." The wildest stretch of imagination could not make a sensation out of what he said or did not say. You leave his presence also with an excellent impression of the man. There is force

in his character, intellect in his face, and with all a shrewdness of unusual quality. You ask a leading question. He throws back his head and gives a long, good-natured, hearty laugh. The answer forthcoming side-tracks you immediately and there you are, just where you started.

TORONTO, Feb. 14.
AS a result of the exceptionally severe winter in our Northwest Provinces, which has paralyzed the transportation departments of the railways, new conditions have presented themselves, and the feeling in commercial circles has become less optimistic. The return of money to the East has been very backward this season, and in consequence rates have not shown the usual relaxation; but on the contrary have even advanced to the general run of borrowers. It is not reasonable to suppose, however, that the scarcity of funds is wholly due to the slow movement of grain and other produce to market. There are other reasons why money is retained in the West, among them being that the requirements there are much greater than ever before. The rapid growth in population, the boom in building operations, in city real estate, and in both improved and unimproved lands, the great expenditures for railway extension, for irrigation works, and for municipal public service works—these and other considerations mean that the capital requirements of the West will continue to grow rather than to show any decline. Then again, the high cost of everything, and the relatively smaller purchasing power of money, necessitates the use of more capital to transact the same amount of business. The grain movement eastward to the lakes has been greatly curtailed by the congested state of railway traffic, and there has been practically no direct receipts of wheat by rail to Ontario or Quebec this season. This means a heavy loss to business interests. It is estimated by good authorities that owing to the insufficiency of rolling stock and the detention of laden cars in consequence of snow blockades, fully \$6,000,000 of money or credit have been lost in wheat alone for export since the beginning of the season. This burden naturally comes upon the banks, but they are not in a position to force the railways, whose facilities have been greatly hampered by weather conditions.

The Hon. H. R. Emmerson, in a talk on railway matters before the Canadian Club in Toronto on Monday, told his hearers something that was not generally known. He said the Intercolonial Railway freight rates were lower than those of any other railway. Instead of putting the surplus into the Government Treasury, it went into the pockets of the farmer and manufacturer who shipped their surplus products over the road. "If the freight rates of the I.C.R. were equal to the average rate, the road's earnings would be increased 50 per cent," said the Minister. "Instead of a surplus of \$100,000 the surplus would have been \$2,300,000, sufficient to pay interest on the capital expenditure in its construction and its betterment and leave \$100,000 in the way of dividends." Mr. Emmerson repudiated the attacks of politicians and the press with regard to the Intercolonial. It cost only \$80,000,000, and a railway company buying it for \$100,000,000 would consider it cheap. The total tolls of our railways last year were \$125,000,000, of which but \$7,500,000 had been collected by the Government railway. The balance had gone to corporations. The people of Canada paid \$8 per head in customs duties, while the transportation tax amounted to over \$20. The former affected but few commodities; but there were scarcely any articles entering into general consumption the cost of which was not directly affected by transportation rates. The Minister said that Canada had expended \$500,000,000 on canals, harbors, and the widening of the St. Lawrence, from which there was no direct return on capital, and the people wanted further expenditures in that direction. The Intercolonial was doing excellent public service at little cost.

Down at the Board of Trade the grain section is running over with enthusiasm since Monday's election. This section put up candidates for the different offices, and in every instance they were successful. The big fight was for first vice-president, the contestants being Lionel H. Clarke and W. J. Gage. The former, who has interests with W. D. Matthews, was successful. R. C. Steele, the seedsman, had been unanimously elected president of the Board the week before. J. C. McKeggie, David Plews, and Chas. B. Watts, all grain men, were elected to the council of the Board, which numbers 15. Hugh H. Baird, John Carrick, A. Cavanagh, Thomas Flynn, W. D. Matthews, W. M. Stark, and D. M. Spink, of the grain section, were elected to the board of arbitration. On the Industrial Exhibition board, the two grain representatives, D. O. Ellis and S. E. Briggs, were successful. Monday's election was the most exciting in years. All parties made a vigorous canvass, and as the yearly dues had to be paid before voting, the treasurer, J. W. Woods, was highly elated. The membership of the Board is about 1,300, including a number of merchants residing in outside cities and towns, while the vote on Monday amounted to about 850.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Electric Light Co. was held on Tuesday, and the report presented by the president, Sir Henry M. Pellatt, would indicate that the company is in a flourishing condition. The income of the company for the year was \$899,578, and the expenses (including interest on debentures) amounted to \$562,847, leaving a balance of \$336,730. This is equal to about 11½ per cent. on capital stock. The shareholders got 7½ per cent., the last quarterly dividend having been changed from 1½ to 2 per cent. These dividends aggregated \$217,

Hon. Wm. Gibson, President. J. Turnbull, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - \$2,500,000
Reserve Fund - 2,500,000
Total Assets - 32,500,000

Savings Bank Department
at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

97 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO

34 Yonge Street Cor. Yonge and Gould
Opp. Queen and Spadina Cor. College and Ossington
Toronto Junction

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THE BANK OF OTTAWA

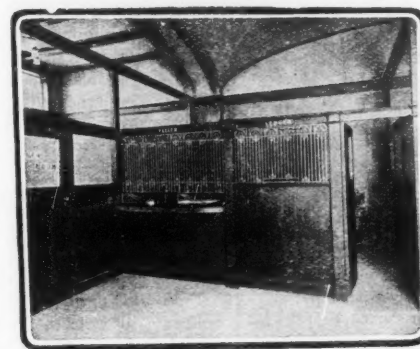
credits interest on Savings Accounts

QUARTERLY.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:

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The Crown Bank of Canada

Original Savings Department in the 34 King Street West—Toronto Branch
Now increased to five times this size.NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT
THE EQUITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office, 24 King St. West, Toronto.

Phone M 2418, 6334

Revenue Account	1906	Balance Sheet	
INCOME		ASSETS	
To Accumulated Reserve from 1905	\$ 45,814 00	Capital Stock liable to Call	\$500,000 00
"Premium Earnings, 1906	386,548 31	City of Toronto Debentures	56,265 51
"Interest Earned and Accrued	6,038 83	Town of Woodstock	11,269 12
	\$418,401 14	Portage la Prairie	5,440 87
EXPENDITURE		Toronto York R. R. Co. Bonds	10,475 00
By Cancellations	\$52,022 72	City of Calgary Debentures	5,100 00
Re-Insurance	26,724 63	"Winnipeg	5,000 00
	\$128,747 35	Ham. Cataract P. L. & T. Co. Bonds	5,000 00
"Commission	43,230 14	Montreal L. H. & P. Co. Bonds	10,550 00
"Taxes and License Fees	4,430 10	Town of St. William Debentures	10,308 00
"Postage, Printing, Advertising	39,982 04	Dom. P. L. Co. Stock	2,062 50
"Traveling Expenses, Salaries, etc.	134,648 91	Bills receivable	17,477 22
"Fire Losses and Adjustment Expenses	67,842 60	Sundry shareholders, balance 20 per cent. Call	3,500 00
Balance	\$418,401 14	Net Prem. in course of Collection	28,142 89
		Cash on hand and in Bank	39,418 34
		Plans and Furniture	10,951 84
		Sundry Assets	2,433 87
		LIABILITIES	\$578,595 16
		Capital Stock Subscribed	\$500,000 00
		Fire Losses unpaid	11,341 63
		Cancellations unpaid	2,322 21
		Re-ins. Prem. unpaid	4,257 56
		Reserve on Furniture and Plans, etc.	2,076 17
		Accumulated Reserve Fund	56,997 20
	\$418,401 14		\$578,595 16

Reserve on Unearned Premiums per Government Standard, \$150,372 63.
This is to certify that we have maintained a continuing audit of the books, verified the vouchers and examined the securities of The Equity Fire Insurance Company for the year ending December 31st, 1906, and find they have been correctly kept and are truly set forth in the above statements.

Toronto, January 28th, 1907.
Number of Risks written during year, 14,171, for \$19,088,649 of Insurance. Usual Dividend of 6 per cent. paid to shareholders.

SECURITY TO POLICY-HOLDERS
Bonds and Debentures \$126,671 00
Cash in Bank and on hand 39,418 34
Net outstanding Premiums and other Assets 42,507 56
Subscribed Capital uncalled 30,000 00
Total \$558,897 20

Directors for the Year 1907—Thos. Crawford, M. P. P., President; C. C. Van Norman, Vice-President; His Honor Judge Morgan, A. F. MacLaren, M. P., Wm. Hendrie, Stephen Noron, W. VanDusen, David Carlyle, D. Ribner, H. E. Irwin, K. C., Wm. Govenlock, W. Greenwood Brown, Wm. Greenwood Brown, General Manager and Secretary.

ALLAN ROYAL LINE

St. John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S., to Liverpool.

Steamer St. John Halifax
"VICTORIAN".....Sat., Mar. 2
"TUNISIAN".....Fri., Mar. 8
"VIRGINIAN".....Sat., Mar. 16
"IONIAN".....Sat., Mar. 23

"Victorian" and "Virginian" are Turbine, Triple-Screw Steamers each 12,000 tons, the only steamers of this type on the Canadian Route.

RATES OF PASSAGE:
First Class—\$65 and upwards, on "Victorian" and "Virginian"; \$80 per "Tunisian"; \$55 per "Ionian". Second Class—\$42.50 to \$47.50, according to steamer and accommodation.

For further information, sailings for the summer season, etc., apply to
General Agency
"THE ALLAN LINE,"
77 Yonge St., TORONTO

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE—FINEST AND FASTEST—"EMPRESSES"

FROM ST. JOHN, N.B. TO LIVERPOOL

Feb. 8th, Friday, "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"
Feb. 16th, Saturday, "LAKE MANITOBA"
Feb. 22nd, Friday, "EMPRESS OF IRELAND"
Mar. 2nd, Saturday, "LAKE CHAMPLAIN"
Mar. 8th, Friday, "TUNISIAN"
March 16th, Saturday, "LAKE ERIE"

London Direct Sailings on application.

From MONTREAL and QUEBEC to LIVERPOOL
May 3, Friday, "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"
May 11, Saturday, "LAKE MANITOBA"
May 17, Friday, "EMPRESS OF IRELAND"
May 25, Saturday, "LAKE CHAMPLAIN"
for our summer sailings.

S. J. SHARP, Western Pass. Agent
Phone Main 2930. 80 Yonge St., Toronto

Saturday Night

has readers among the best people in all parts of Canada, and its circle of readers is rapidly increasing. "It is the best edited paper in Canada," writes a leading business man of Vancouver. "The great Toronto Weekly," says the St. Thomas Journal. A number of newspapers refer to it as Canada's representative weekly. Are you a regular subscriber? It costs \$2 a year, \$1 for six months, 50 cents for three months.

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Capital Paid-Up \$4,515,000.00
Reserve \$4,515,000.00

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YONGE AND QUEEN STREETS
YONGE AND BLOOR STREETS
KING AND YORK STREETS
WEST MARKET AND FRONT STREETS
KING STREET AND SPADINA AVENUE

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Interest allowed on deposits.

AGENTS WANTED
Guardian Assurance Co.
LIMITED
Funds: Thirty Million Dollars
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Stationery and Visiting Cards
Wedding Invitations and Announcements - At Home and Afternoon Tea Cards a specialty.

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Gentlemen's SHIRTS AND COLLARS

DONE UP IN THE LATEST DOMESTIC FINISH BY THE

YORKVILLE LAUNDRY

45 Elm Street.

Phone M 1880

271 and a balance of \$119,459 was carried forward to profit and loss account, making that account \$218,057. Of this amount \$200,000 was transferred to reserve account, which is now \$500,000. The report says that it is proposed to increase the capital stock of the company by \$1,000,000 to provide for extension of plant to take care of the increased business of the company. The Board of Control objects to this proposed increase, and it will be interesting to learn what the Legislature will do.

In an excellent article contributed to "Canada" (published in England) Mr. Morgan Jellett, of the firm of Messrs. Aemilius Jarvis & Co., Toronto, tells Old Country people something about investments in Canadian bonds and debentures. He quotes figures showing the excellence of investments of the bonds put on the market by the cities of Vancouver and Winnipeg. "Much has been read," writes Mr. Jellett, "by people in the Motherland about the greatness of Canada's future and the vastness of her resources, and has been believed, too; but the progression toward that future and the development of those resources have been overlooked. People generally in England are apt to regard the country more or less as a sort of settlement, but it is the man who crosses the broad Atlantic, lands at Quebec, travels Westward 510 miles, through settled country, to Toronto,



Social and Personal

THE Rose ball having been postponed (and the announcement not having been sent to me in time to appear last week), some bright anticipations of the closing of the season with an unique and charming festa have probably been overturned. The Daughters of the Empire felt, that in view of the sad event at Rideau Hall, when the eldest child of their honorary president was so suddenly snatched from her husband and parents, they could not join in a festivity such as had been planned for Shrove Tuesday. Therefore, the ball was hastily postponed from Mardi Gras to Easter week, when, if it follows the rule of this season's postponements, it will be greatly the gainer. No doubt the at present rather weary devotees of Terpsichore will welcome a dance at once so picturesque and lovely, after their six weeks' cessation from gaities. At all events the Daughters have done their loyal duty, and have also sent their earnest expression of sympathy and regret to Her Excellency with a much better grace by reason of the postponement of their dance.

P.P.C. cards from Mr. Frank Bowden Matthews have signaled his departure for Winnipeg, where business interests necessitate his residence. His Toronto friends bid him adieu with regret, and feel sure of his success in the far West. In club and social circles, as well as in business, Mr. Matthews leaves the brightest record, and is greatly esteemed. Several dinners and other "by-byes" have been given for and by this popular young man in the last fortnight.

Mrs. Loudon gave a large reception on Saturday afternoon at her residence in St. George street. The hostess, in a smart black gown, with touches of red in a corsage bouquet, received in the drawing-room, assisted by her niece, Mrs. McLean, and the graceful daughter of the house, Miss Isabel Loudon, in a becoming wine-colored dress, was in the drawing-room and tea-room with a gentle word of welcome and kindly attentions to all. The guests, of course, included a notable assemblage of academic lights and shadows, so to speak, the professors and their wives being all to the fore, and such "gay unattached" as Dr. McLellan being particularly brilliant and delightful cavaliers. One always meets interesting people at Mrs. Loudon's teas, serious-minded and intellectual folk who would as soon think of doing five teas in one afternoon (as some of us manage to achieve) as of taking a ride to Mars on a broomstick. There were tea-tables bountifully provided in the dining-room and library, and their contents were dispensed by several attractive ladies in charge.

The Mendelssohn Choir and Pittsburg Orchestra left by special train on Monday shortly after one o'clock for their tour to Buffalo and New York, followed by the joyous good wishes of their many Toronto admirers. Their success will be noticed in detail elsewhere.

The last large dance of the ante-Lenten season was given at Government House last Friday, February 8, and generously issued invitations resulted in a large attendance of the younger set, devoted to the dance, so that the spacious ballroom was at times densely crowded, and it took an expert to avoid the collisions imminent at every corner. No matter how cosy and tempting the sitting-out places, and everyone knows they are the acme of comfort at Government House, a dancing mania drew couples to the ballroom, where the Italians were discoursing sweet music and plentiful encores were demanded. That the weather had moderated, making the conservatory an ideal place to spend a little while, seemed not to influence the gay young dancers, who rushed to their partners and entered the involved whirl with new enthusiasm every number. There were some lovely gowns and lovely wearers at this dance, and some disastrous rents and tears also. The lady of Government House looked very well in pale blue satin with rare lace and diamonds, and the Misses Mortimer Clark wore white diamante lace, and blue satin respectively. Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, the lady a dainty fairy in a white and silver Empire gown over a princess slip of white silk; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, the lady just back from Gotham and looking very well in pink covered with opal sequinned lace; Mrs. Britton Francis and her sister, Miss Lola Powell, the former in white d'esprit and the latter in a pink Empire dress; Colonel and Mrs. Maclean and Miss Slade of Boston, Mrs. Maclean in a handsome pearl sequinned dress, and her sister in white satin and lace; Miss Dora Rowand in a white satin Empire gown, with heavy pearl passementerie on the bodice; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, the latter in a dainty Dresden silk with touches of pink velvet; Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hammond, the lady in her robe des noces of Limerick lace; Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell, the lady in white and silver, and much admired, with her charming bright smile, is making many

seeing the beauty and wealth of the cities of Quebec (population 75,000), Montreal (population 315,000), and Toronto (population 275,000), and then realizes that to reach Vancouver he must continue westward four days and nights by fast express nearly 3,000 miles, that obtains a real conception of what Canada is. It surprises him to know that when he reaches Quebec he is only half way to Vancouver.

The late sale of \$7,500,000 of preferred stock in London by the Canadian Pacific Railway is the best argument that could be used of the confidence of British investors in Canadian railway development. The preferred stock of C.P.R. bears only 4 per cent. per annum, and it brought 101. Many United States railway companies have been exploiting London and Paris for aid, and the best sales of American securities have been on the basis of 5 per cent. for the loan. The C.P.R. on Monday declared the usual semi-annual dividends of 2 per cent. on the preferred stock and of 3 per cent. on the common. It was also voted to give common shareholders 1/2 of 1 per cent. from land sales, payable April 1st.

Twin City, along with other traction companies, had a good year in 1906. After deducting the full 7 per cent. on the preferred stock, the balance, \$1,672,182, is equal to 8.32 per cent. on the common.

friends; Mrs. Charles Kingsmill in canary satin and black lace and velvet; Mrs. Cawthra Mulock in white lace with a black heron's plume in her coiffure; Mrs. Scriver, of Atherley, in a lovely white gown, and Miss Adele in palest green; Mr. and Mrs. Lorrie McGiverin, the latter in palest blue crepe and lace trimmings; Mr. Percy and Miss Augusta Hodgins, the lady in a smart chiffon dress over silk with a flight of swallows outlined on the skirt, and velvet trimmings, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilcott Matthews, the lady in pale blue. Some of the later debutantes who were at this dance were Miss Margorie Spence and Miss Hall, both very pretty in white frocks. Mr. and Miss Jean Alexander brought their guest, Miss Marion Creelman, and Miss Ramsay and Miss Piers were other Montreal girls present. The Misses Kerr, of Rathnelly, were a charming trio who enjoyed the dance, the Misses Garrow were also popular girls, and Miss German of Welland, Miss Norma Armstrong, Miss Lena Coady, and Miss Greening were present. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. McDowall Thomson, Mr. and Miss Rosamond Boulton, Dr. McLellan, Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. Percy Robertson, Mr. and Miss Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, the Misses Clarkson Jones, Miss Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, Mr. Edward and Miss Houston, Colonel Stinson, Mr. McIntyre, Dr. Dickson, Mr. E. Morris, the Misses Melfort Boulton, Miss Hilda Reid, Mr. Curtis Williamson, Major and Miss Michie, Dr. and Miss Temple, Miss Falconbridge, the Misses Sinclair, Mr. Allen McIntosh, Mr. and Miss Dick, Mr. and Miss Grey, Miss Moss and Miss Petica Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Mary Clark, Miss Darling of Rosemount, Mr. Sherwood Hodgins, Mr. Gerald Harston, Major and Mrs. Vaux, were some of the scores of guests. After the play Miss Gladys Nordheimer in a white gown, touched with emerald green, came on to the dance, as did also Mr. Douglas Young and Mr. Scott Harden, the latter wearing his buff facings and medals as Mr. Baverstock. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Foy and Miss Foy, Miss Ina Matthews, Mr. H. Harris, Miss Maud Boyd, Miss Baldwin, Miss Gypsey Grasett, Miss Cayley, Mr. and Miss Rolph, Mr. Lissant and Mr. Charles Beardmore, Miss Coddington, Miss Wallbridge, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Mr. Nordheimer, Miss Morgan, were also some of the guests, a complete list of whom I have not space to enumerate.

The Mardi Gras dance in the Temple ballroom was the last of the season, and its worthy object benefited considerably.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. McCallum are leaving this week for a trip to Europe, sailing to-day from New York on the Cedric for the Mediterranean. Mr. and Mrs. John G. Moore, of St. Catharines, are also sailing on the same steamer.

I hear of one young matron who has had fourteen invitations to bridge next week, and who throws up her hands in despair at making a selection, and is packing up to go away to the Baths.

Mrs. C. C. James and Mrs. Coady gave Shrove Tuesday teas, and Mrs. Arnold Gay a very smart St. Valentine's Day bridge and tea. After Mrs. Whitney's reception on Monday, several guests attended one or other of the many teas, one of which was a telephone tea at Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson's. On Wednesday the good ladies and demure little debutantes went to church and the surface quiet of Lentenide has settled down on the social tea. But the kettle is still boiling, and the tea caddy continues to need replenishing regularly, for there b many who don't believe in Lent.

Miss Elmsley gave a tea on Tuesday at Barnstable. Miss Case gave a pleasant tea on Monday. Mr. Cameron Wilson gave a very jolly tea in his rooms, at St. Andrew's College, on Friday. Mrs. Roderick McLennan also gave a tea on Friday. Miss Vansittart gave a girls' tea last Friday. Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne and "Sister" Bath, her little daughter, have gone to England. Mrs. Denison went to New York on Monday for a short visit. Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn has a severe attack of grippé. Dr. Doolittle sailed for England this week. The fairy tales circulated about the millions he has made in England amused this clever man, whose genius for inventing is well known, and whom his friends hope may some day make these golden dreams come true. Dr. Doolittle has spent an ideal holiday as the guest of Sir Victor and Lady Horsley at their place in Norfolk and has made friends of other noted medical and other magnates across the sea. The story of his acquaintance with Sir Victor Horsley, is but another of many when his clever grasp of a needed mechanical improvement, and subsequent practical result in invention has won him unsolicited and unexpected kindnesses.

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BEGIN IT BY
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CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

A Dollar or More at a time may be deposited with us, and we will add interest twice a year at THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. PER ANNUM. One dollar will open an account. Deposits may be made and withdrawn by mail.

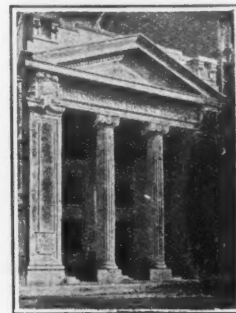
THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

B. E. WALKER, President; ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager;
A. H. IRELAND, Supt. of Branches.

Paid-up Capital - - - - - \$10,000,000
Reserve - - - - - 5,000,000
Total Assets - - - - - 113,000,000

YONGE AND QUEEN BRANCH



The new office of the Bank, at Nos. 197-9 Yonge street, a few doors above Queen street, is situated in the heart of the retail shopping district, adjacent to the large departmental stores, and offers special facilities to women who shop at these stores for both housekeeping and savings accounts. Every convenience, including a women's writing-room, has been provided for customers.

R. CASSELS, Manager.

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Corner Bloor and Yonge streets. Corner Queen and Bathurst streets.
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Parliament street, corner Carlton st. Parkdale, 1331 Queen street west.

The pick of the prettiest blooms always! This is my standard. Have I given you satisfaction before? Try me now. The best possible in ROSES, VIOLETS, ORCHIDS and all reasonable flowers.
Prices reasonable, satisfaction and delivery in good condition guaranteed. My flowers are fresh cut, can be shipped to any point between Calgary and Halifax.

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Late Manager of Dunlop's.

ARE YOU BALD OR IS YOUR HAIR AILING?

It is high time you consult PROFESSORS JULES & CHARLES. A scientific treatment may save it. Or, if quite gone, a natural



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will take its place and nobody will know about it. Call in private and we will try them on for you.

Out of town patrons say that our mail order transactions and consultations are more satisfactory than they ever realized they might be.

HAIRLENE is a powerful Hair Reviver. Ask for our advice and Catalogue. Your order has our speedy attention.

THE "MAISON" JULES & CHARLES
CANADA'S HAIR SPECIALISTS 431 YONGE STREET

HIGH GRADE WINES

Our large and varied stock of WINES and SPIRITS will afford you ample choice to pick from. We extend to you an invitation to go through our extensive Wine Vaults, which is one of the largest in the Dominion.

Vaults 71, 73, 75, 77 and 79
YONGE STREET
and
246 and 8 KING E.

THE WM. MARA CO.
Wine Merchants,
79 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Toronto, February 4, 1907.

W. H. LEE, Druggist,
King Edward Hotel,
Toronto.

Dear Sir---I have used sample of your LIOLA CREAM and like it so much I wish you to send me one dozen jars, and oblige,

Yours truly,
LILLIE LANGTRY.



TUXEDO—A "dressy" but comfortable collar for day wear anywhere. Looks smart in close-tied puff scarf. 2½ in. at back. Made in Quarter Sizes

Four sizes to the inch, instead of two, assures you a snug, perfect neck-fit. Made of Irish linen for our name's sake—and your pocket's.

20c. Each Demand the brand **W.G.R.** 3 for 50c.

Be Particular
about the little things you eat.
Impure salt is just as injurious as impure milk or butter.
There is one salt you can always depend upon as being absolutely pure and whole—some—

Windsor SALT

GA-KA-DINA
142 Bloor Street West
Toronto, Canada
HIGH-CLASS PENSION
Phone North 3549

Tenders for Pulpwood Concessions

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and including the eighth day of March next, for the right to cut Pulpwood on a certain area, in the District of Nipissing, north of the Townships of Holmes, Hurt, Eby, Otto, Boston, etc., and immediately west of the interprovincial boundary line.

Tenders should state the amount they are prepared to pay as Bonus in addition to such dues as may be fixed, from time to time, for the right to operate a pulp, or pulp and paper industry on the area referred to. Successful Tenders will be required to erect mills on the territory, or at some other place approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, and to manufacture the wood into pulp in the Province of Ontario.

Parties making tenders will be required to deposit with their tender a marked cheque, payable to the Treasurer of Ontario, for ten per cent. of the amount of their tender, to be forfeited in event of their not entering into agreement to carry out the conditions, etc. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

For particulars as to description of territory capital required to be invested, etc., apply to the undersigned.

F. COCHRANE,
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

TORONTO, December 29th, 1906.
No unauthorized publication of this notice will be paid for.



The Growing Girl

is too often forced to overtax her strength in long hours of study.
The prudent mother will give her


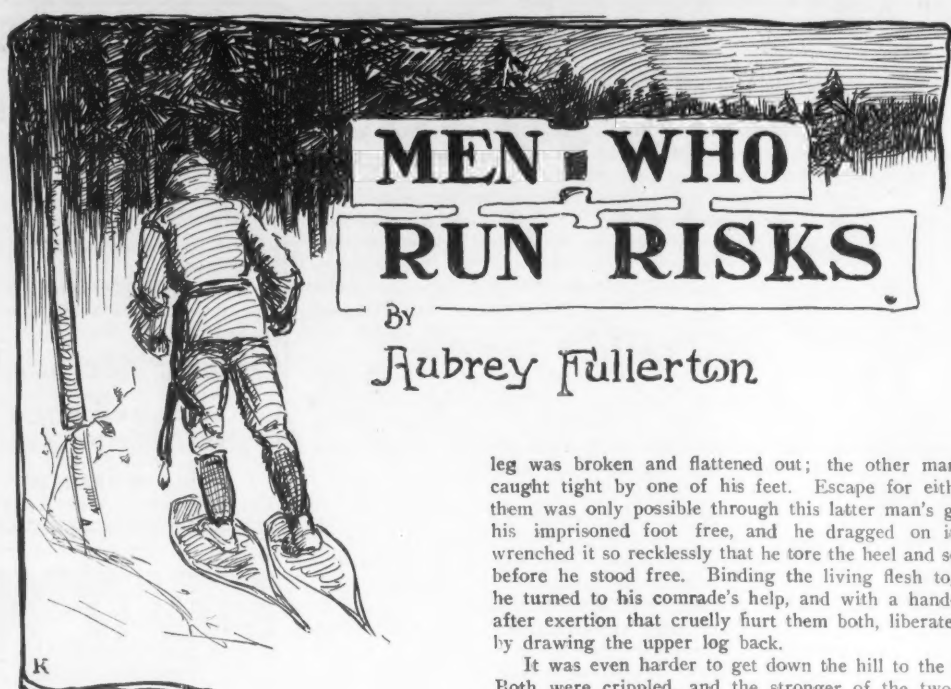
Wilson's Invalids' Port

—a safe preventive of anaemia, headache, poor appetite, dizziness and feebleness.

It gives pure, strong blood, sound sleep and a perfect digestion, bringing the young life eventually into the full bloom of womanly vigour.

A wineglassful before each meal—that's all. Big bottle—\$1.

All Druggists

MEN WHO RUN RISKS

By **Aubrey Fullerton**

Half the things that men have gone through in the West and North were known—half the nightmare adventures, and perilous journeys, and skin-of-the-teeth escapes—we would have the makings of a Library of Real Life Heroism and Wonderful Experiences surpassing fiction. For the West and the North are where the strange things happen, the land of patient bravery and reckless bravado.

A French-Canadian tenderfoot, who thought that the Columbia River looked like any other river, made him a raft of small logs, loaded it with his outfit, and set out for his mining claim near Trail. He did not know that there were rapids and whirlpools and wicked rocks a little further on: he thought his raft would make the trip as smoothly as his old canoe had used to make it on the Ottawa. Half a day's journey up the river he struck a sneaking snag of rock. The raft drifted on into the clutch of a whirlpool and went to pieces. The man, after desperate struggling, crawled ashore.

Battered, dazed, and half dead, he made off through the woods, and in an hour or so quite lost his bearings. For a day and a night he rested, and on the third day resumed his wanderings, without a compass and without food. He was on the verge of madness when, on the tenth day, he met a man, whom by perversity of misfortune he was unable, being of a different tongue, to make understand his condition. Another week he went on, blindly stumbling through the empty woods and feeding himself on roots, and nineteen days after his wreck he was found by a railway crew, reduced to little more than half his normal weight. The strange part of it is that every day of his wanderings he was within hearing of the train-whistle, but, crazed and weakened, was unable to locate it.

An Italian prospector in the Peace River country was found by a police party after weeks of similar wandering in the wilderness. They found him none too soon. Starved, demented, worn and tattered, and talking an unintelligible jargon, he had become an object of terror even to the Indians, who called him "The Devil," "The Cannibal," and such like, and were threatening to kill him.

Semi-madness in the wilderness was probably what enabled a hunter on Vancouver Island to do in five days and nights what ordinarily would have taken twice that time to do. He lost his way in the unexplored country beyond Alberni, climbed a mountain range, unwittingly crossed over, and was soon hopelessly confused in a maze of lakes and streams. He swam across one of the rivers, went on in the woods, made a circle, and was just about to swim the second time across the same river, back in the same direction to what in his hapless condition would have been certain death, when he heard a rifle-shot and was by it guided back to rescue.

Away up in the Yukon, a man tramped from Fairbanks to Dawson, alone and without even snowshoes. His wife was at Dawson, and he had promised to meet her there. He missed the last steamer of the season and set out afoot over the ice of the Yukon River, a long and lonely and perilous tramp, but lightened by a sense of duty to an expectant wife. He owed his life to two bunches of newspapers which he took with him and with which he was able to kindle fires along the way. Even so he narrowly escaped death in the almost Arctic cold.

The wife of another Yukon miner, fifty miles beyond Dawson, was at the point of death, and the doctor said that only fresh milk would save her. The nearest milk to be had was at Dawson, and the mercury stood at seventy below. No stage runs at seventy below for money or Government. But it went for neighborliness' sake, and two of the toughest Yukon horses, blanketed and nose-bagged, and one of the Yukon's ablest stage-drivers, fur-wrapped and felt-booted, made the hundred-mile trip. What that meant is known only to those who have had experience of away-down-below-zero weather. But the milk was gotten and the woman's life was saved.

On the mountain-top two miles above Nelson a prospector dug a tunnel to a lead of quartz and gold which he had discovered. The tunnel caved in and caught him fast. When he recovered consciousness he found himself beneath half a ton of earth and rocks, his collar-bone broken, his head badly cut, several ribs broken, his body bruised, and weak from loss of blood. His hands were free, however, and one by one he pushed the rocks away until in a few hours' time he had freed himself. Weak and numbed, he crawled to his camp, a short distance away, and there, with a half-dozen bones broken and no one to attend to them, he stayed the night. In the morning, with a stick to support him, he set out for Nelson. Three times he fainted, and at last fell upon his hands and knees, and in that fashion painfully made his way down the two miles of mountain-side. After twelve hours, most of which time he was probably unconscious, he reached the railway station, aching in every joint and bleeding at a score of wounds.

Two lumber-jacks on a steep hill some eight hundred feet above the water at Vancouver Bay were trimming a log before starting it down to the water. Another log which they had meanwhile left lying some feet above rolled down upon them, caught them, jammed them against the other log, and held them fast. One man's

leg was broken and flattened out; the other man was caught tight by one of his feet. Escape for either of them was only possible through this latter man's getting his imprisoned foot free, and he dragged on it and wrenched it so recklessly that he tore the heel and sole off before he stood free. Binding the living flesh together he turned to his comrade's help, and with a hand-spike, after exertion that cruelly hurt them both, liberated him by drawing the upper log back.

It was even harder to get down the hill to the water. Both were crippled, and the stronger of the two could only roll and drag the other. It was by slow and painful progress that they finally reached the foot, and there, with both of them suffering the tortures of undressed wounds, they waited three days for a passing steam-tug to answer their signal and take them away. There have been few deeds of greater fortitude and more genuine heroism, in a land filled with hard and daring experiences, than this rescue of a comrade in peril by a British Columbia lumber-jack.

The transformation of the London Times from ownership by an individual to ownership by a corporation is a change such as has been under way among great newspapers, as well as most of the other big enterprises all over the world, in recent years, says Leslie's Weekly. Ever since its establishment a century and a fifth ago, the London Times was under the direct control of the Walter family until now. For more than a hundred years a John Walter, representing three generations, was at its head. It was the first newspaper of the world to employ steam in printing, and was the first to use the telegraph on a large scale in news-collecting. Even before the death of George III. it had won the reputation of being the greatest and most influential of the journals of the world. "There are six great Powers," said Bonaparte, just before Waterloo. "These are France, England, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and the London Times." Its prestige continued with but little diminution for three-quarters of a century. In the past twenty-five years, since the rise of the cheap journals, other papers in London—and some in Paris and Berlin—have reached a far higher circulation than the Times, but it still continues to be the most powerful newspaper in Europe. Under a succession of scholarly, able, and well-balanced editors—Barnes, Sterling, Delano, Chenery, and Buckle—the Times had the best written editorials, correspondence, and special articles of any journal in the world. During all this time a John Walter was at its head, two of the name were members of Parliament, and all three of them were men of social and political power in their country. Under the reorganization the proprietorship is diffused among many persons, and the name of Walter will be heard no more in connection with the great newspaper which his family founded.

King Edward, when among personal friends, greatly dislikes being treated with unnecessary formality, though no royal ruler more carefully maintains at all times his position as monarch. At the Marlborough Club in London, the most exclusive institution of its kind on earth, King Edward makes it a rule that he shall be treated exactly as an ordinary member. For example, it is not customary in the Marlborough for other members to rise to their feet when the King enters the rooms. Recently the King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, attended a gathering at Queen's Hall, London, to hear the Duke of the Abruzzi's account of his ascent of the Ruwenzori range, and gave his thanks at the close to that adventurous Prince. It was the first occasion in the history of the Royal Geographical Society that its patron, the reigning Sovereign, attended one of its meetings. The King arrived "as a simple gentleman," took his seat in an armchair in the centre and at the front of the platform, followed the lecture with every sign of interest, made his speech at its close, and then departed. There was no National Anthem to mark his coming or his going, and but for the rising of the brilliant and distinguished audience at his entrance, while he addressed them, and as he left, there was nothing but his presence, so to speak, to mark the fact of it.

The result of battle practice in the British fleet in 1906 has been issued in complete form, and the showing is a remarkably fine one. Firing in battle practice takes place at an extreme range—in fact, at the range of actual fighting, or from 7,000 yards downwards, according to the calibre of the gun. The general conditions are those of war, though certain disturbing elements, such as the enemy's fire, are wanting. In the gunlayers' test, the return for which was issued a fortnight ago, the shooting is at very short range—1,600 yards—and the conditions differ totally from those of war. The Admiralty "note with extreme satisfaction the very marked improvements made—in spite of the considerable increase in range—over the results obtained in 1905, as shown by a comparison of the average points obtained by the fleet in the two years." The average number of points was 181.7 per ship in 1906, as compared with 98.4 in 1905, so that the shooting of the navy is just twice as good as it was a year ago.

Senor Joaquin Nebuco, the newly-appointed Brazilian Ambassador to the United States, when he reached New York, a few weeks ago, was asked by the immigration officials at that port such embarrassing questions as "Have you ever been convicted of a crime?" "Did you ever serve a term in a penitentiary?" While the ambassador was good-natured about the matter, he at once took it up with President Roosevelt, and as a result Secretary Shaw has issued orders which will spare diplomats further humiliation.

Apollinaris
"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

HAS CONSTANTLY and STEADILY INCREASED in Popularity and Esteem, and is ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT the ENTIRE CIVILIZED WORLD as possessing all the properties of an IDEAL and PERFECT TABLE WATER.

APOLLINARIS is a digestant, mildly stimulating the acid secretions of the stomach.

APOLLINARIS should be the habitual beverage of those suffering from chronic gout, rheumatism, or excessive uric acid.



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Electric Lights—really artistic fixtures—will do much to render a beautiful interior even more beautiful.


While, vice versa, poor lighting arrangements will mar the beauty of the most magnificent home.

It's a subject worthy of serious consideration—and we wish you would let us help you. Our wide variety of choice fixtures will be found of great assistance in making an appropriate selection.


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SANDERSON'S
Scotch
MOUNTAIN DEW
POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

A CORKER WITHOUT A CORK




No still hunts for the elusive corkscrew. No more corky flat ales or waters. Every package hermetically sealed where the Gillette is used. Can be opened with anything—a lead pencil will do.



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Office and Factory, 50 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO

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ALE, PORTER & LAGER
NOTED FOR
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We have successfully given scalp treatments for the past 30 years. When the hair commences to fall out something is wrong, and the best way to discover the trouble, its cause and cure is to consult Canada's oldest scalp specialists.

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78 1/2 KING ST. WEST.

Convido Port

At least thirty years ago the grapes ripened in the "Alto Douro" of Portugal whose essence, fragrance, aroma and richness is in the bottles of Convido Port you buy this year. Convido Port is a really worthy wine—superb to the palate, invaluable for invalids.

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Andrew Jeffrey,
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Our Marcel Waving and Artistic Hair Arrangement is famous.

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Many of England's famous actresses give My Lady's Cold Cream enthusiastic recommendation. They aver that it makes the skin soft and white and gives just the proper touch of that warm soft Peach Blow Color. My Lady's Cold Cream at the same time, is an excellent tonic. It strengthens the skin tissue against wind and weather. Sold by all first-class druggists.

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Complete line of Miss Mason's colors and lustres.

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Prescription Specialist,
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TORONTO.

MINNIE H. BROWN

Teacher of High-Class Ceramics
Studio—Room 3, above Petersen's Art Rooms.
382 Yonge Street, Toronto

Young Canadians Serving the King

XLIV.



MAJOR P. H. DUP, CASGRAIN,
Royal Engineers, Graduate Royal Military College,
Canada, 1883.

Social and Personal.

COLONEL SEPTIMUS DENISON'S players, under the name of the Toronto Garrison Dramatic Company, presented their farcical romance, "His Excellency the Governor," by Captain R. Marshall, to well-pleased audiences in Broadway Hall, on Friday and Saturday, the proceeds going to the garrison chapel, St. John's church, Portland street. Never has such an audience gathered in the hall in Spadina avenue, for society turned out *en masse* in smart attire to show their interest in the efforts of the ladies and the officers for their entertainment. The Ottawa performance by the Toronto Garrison Dramatic Company had the advantage of larger stage room, but there was greater freedom of expression and more finished acting in Toronto. The tropical scene, on which the cosy and elegant vestibule of the gubernatorial residence looked, was very prettily painted, a stretch of ocean and the visiting yacht at anchor, being quite realistic. The manipulation of the colored lights on the abundant foliage of the garden and terrace, and the arrangement of the stage were tributes to the taste and skill of the stage-manager. Colonel Denison as His Excellency was a decided success, looking as well as acting the part, and the other three "leading gentlemen," Mr. Long-Innes, as Captain Carew, A.D.C.; Mr. Scott-Harden as John Baverstock, the Private Secretary, and Mr. Bertram Denison as Rt. Hon. Henry Carlton, M.P., the Colonial Secretary, (officially not present,) were excellent in their various roles, loverlike, amusing or pompous as the exigencies of the play exacted. Miss Katherine Merritt played an English widow of conservative tendencies and august presence and did it with hearty realization of her possibilities, to the mirth and delight of all her friends; Miss Maud Denison looked very pretty as the daughter of Sir Henry Carlton, and was the embarrassed maiden, receiving proposals every five minutes from all the gubernatorial outfit, to a nicety. Her little scene with Carew was very daintily played, and her girlish frankness in avowing her affection quite fetching, but it was *la petite comtesse* whose nerve and *finesse* brought down the house, and her impertinence to the august English widow, her manipulation of His Excellency, and her subjugation of Sir Henry were worthy of a finished actress; Miss Gladys Nordheimer in this role surprised all but her intimates, who know what a clever little lady she is. Her charming frocks and general *esprit* won her great applause, while her control of the various situations, in which a *faux pas* might so easily bring ridicule instead of amusement, was quite perfect. Mr. Scott-Harden deserves special mention for his really excellent comedy, and peels of laughter greeted his eccentric love-making. The plot of the farce is simple as all good plots are. The aloes about Government House are in full bloom, (the hundredth year) and during their efflorescence, a love-madness is in the air. Everyone falls in love with someone, even the lady's maid has two ardent admirers; His Excellency succumbs, his staff are hopelessly enamoured, his servant follows suit. The distinguished visitors are recklessly entangled, and it's a case of *sauve qui peut* in the end. All of which proved vastly amusing to the friends of the victims. The bogus "rising of the natives" gave a chance to Archie Macdonell to do some strenuous bits of decidedly Hibernian talking, as "Major Kildare," which brought a round of applause, and Mr. Douglas Young as the intrepid but flustered Captain Rivers, slaying his own reinforcements, acted and looked the soldier. As will be noted, this little play gives an unusual chance to almost every character, and is therefore much harder to put on than one with a lot of supers, and two or three acting roles. It seems as if it would "go" at the Clifton House, some week end, and perhaps the company may decide to give it an appearance there. The ball room and dainty little stage could find no better use than to receive this bright aggregation and its friends.

Mrs. Beardmore's twin teas were delightful reunions of society on Friday and Saturday of last week, when the beautiful precincts of her home were crowded with the smartest people. On each day Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, who has come from Bermuda for a visit to her parents, received with Mrs. Beardmore on Friday, looking radiant in a white gown, and on Saturday wearing an equally becoming green one. Mr. Lissant Beardmore sang some fine songs for the company, and the rooms were fragrant with violets and carnations, the table being done in pale pink with the latter blossoms and some odoriferous white hyacinths. Although on both afternoons there were any number of other teas, everyone asked tried to get an all too brief half hour in Mrs. Beardmore's lovely home.

Mrs. Proudfoot gave a tea last Friday at which her graceful and attractive *debutante* was an assistant hostess. Miss Bessie Proudfoot's presentation to her mother's friends was delayed by the illness of her brother,

who contracted scarlet fever last November, but happily made a very good recovery long ago. The fair *debutante* visited her aunt, Mrs. Stevenson, in Alymer avenue, during the illness of her brother, and has been one of the prettiest girls at many a smart affair. Very graceful and happy she looked on Friday, in her white frock; tall and slender, her arms full of roses, lilies and violets, sent by her friends, in honor of the occasion. A very welcome and handsome visitor was the aunt of the *debutante*, Mrs. Sweet of St. Paul, who, with her pretty young daughter, Margaret, was in the reception room. A party of girl friends were in the diningroom, where a teatable, made beautiful with daffodils, was set with good things. The Misses Marsh, cousins of Miss Proudfoot, Miss Ruth Rathbun, Miss Hazel Morrison and Miss Kathleen Snow were those assisting.

On Friday night, after the play, Miss Merritt entertained some of the company at supper, and on Saturday night Mrs. Septimus Denison had the entire cast for supper at her home in Spadina avenue. Everyone was very happy over the success of the play.

Mrs. Flavelle of Holwood gave a large tea on Friday of last week. On that chilly but sunny afternoon the splendid home in Queen's Park was a delightful rendezvous, and scores of ladies enjoyed it, though some were perforce hurried visitors, as eight other teas claimed attention on that happy afternoon. *Facile princeps* among the floral decorations were Mrs. Flavelle's baskets of jonquils and daffodils, which towered several feet high in a burst of radiant color which made everyone remark "How lovely" when they saw it, on entering the tearoom. "No sun upon an April day, was half so fair a sight" as these yellow blooms, towering on the large and generous buffet. All over the rooms were flowers, the sun-parlor or palm-room being a garden of every fair bloom. Mrs. Flavelle and her elder daughter received in the drawingroom, a dainty place panelled with roses, and were as usual cordially unaffected in their welcome, and the corps of assistants in the tearoom were as watchful of one's comfort as they were pleasing to one's eyes. A very large number of prominent people were at this tea, and many recalled regretfully a former event at which a good man lately gone to his rest and his handsome and elegantly gowned wife had been honored guests.

Mrs. J. W. Leonard, assisted by her sister, Mrs. Barltop, and her friend, Mrs. Blewett, gave a very enjoyable tea on Friday, February 8, at her home in Markham street. Mrs. Leonard and the two assistant hostesses received in the drawingroom, which was decorated with pink and yellow roses, while on the teatable were deep crimson Richmond roses and lily-of-the-valley in charming arrangement. Mrs. Leonard wore flowered black mousseline over rose silk, and Mrs. Barltop a pretty grey costume, while smiling brown-eyed Mrs. Blewett was in white lace, with a very becoming hat. Those ladies in charge of the tearoom were: Mrs. Deeks, the Misses Smith, Hughes, Findlay and Dot Nicholls.

A correspondent writes: "The appreciative audience of the Strolling Players Club had an unusual treat last Saturday in the rendering of Kipling's 'Ballad of East and West,' by Miss MacLeod, who is studying dramatic art this winter. Miss MacLeod's exquisite little flower-face and golden hair completely captivated the hearts of her audience, and the marvelous insight, strength, and accurate interpretation of character displayed in her work, bewildered them. It was a distinct shock at the end of the selection to see a sixteen-year-old school girl standing on a Turkish rug, where, a few seconds previously, the burning sands of India had apparently stretched, and one wonders where she gained this rare gift of total self-elimination. At the end of the programme, by special request, this remarkably clever young girl gave Mr. Riley's popular lyric 'Little Orphan Annie,' with such a keen appreciation of childish imagination and sequence of idea, that once again the critics were amazed. Although Miss MacLeod will not make her public debut for a couple of years yet, her intelligent work foretells a new star in the realm of Expression."

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mr. F. A. Livingstone, Guelph, on Tuesday, when Miss Edith Livingstone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Livingstone, of Allan Park, was married to Mr. Richard T. Bell, of Waltham, Essex, England. The Rev. R. J. M. Glassford officiated. The bride looked very nice in a dark blue travelling costume, with hat to match. After the ceremony a sumptuous breakfast was served. The presents were both handsome and numerous. New York and Buffalo are the objective points at which the honeymoon will be spent.

Miss Isabella (Bell) Craig, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Craig of Dawson, Yukon Territory, was married in New York on Saturday last at the West Presbyterian church, to Mr. Harvey Fitzsimons, of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa. The wedding was a private one in the presence of the bride's parents and a few immediate relatives. The groom was attended by Mr. E. T. B. Gillmore of Ottawa. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimons left for a short tour through the Eastern States, and will, on their return, take up temporary residence on Nicholas street, Ottawa. Judge and Mrs. Craig, who have just returned from Nassau, left New York on Tuesday for Toronto and Ottawa, whence they go to California and thence to Dawson City.

Mrs. William Dixon of Roxborough street will not receive until March, when she will be at home the first and third Tuesdays for the remainder of the season.

Miss Olive M. Walton of Lowther avenue has just returned from a six months' visit to New York, where she has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Arthur E. Blackwood of Morningside drive, west.

Mrs. Wallace MacLaren of 142 Wells street is receiving for the last time this season on Friday next from 5 to 7.30, when she will be assisted by her cousin, Miss Claire Henry, a charming Ottawa *debutante*. No doubt her host of friends will be glad to see her in her new home, and also have a peep at the "wee mite."

Mr. and Mrs. L. Goldman of 176 St. George street have gone to New York for a few days. Mrs. Goldman will not receive until the second and third Fridays in March.

Mrs. Walter H. Allworth of Montreal is visiting her mother, Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, and will receive with her on Wednesdays during February.

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At the Welland House, St. Catharines, the following Toronto people were registered this week: Archbishop of Ontario and Mrs. Sweetman, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Hanning, Judge and Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. J. E. Potts, Mrs. J. Henderson, Mr. W. D. Hart, Mrs. O. Cayley, Miss Julia Robinson, Colonel and Mrs. G. Hunter Ogilvie, Mr. John W. Lake, Mrs. P. S. Shenstone, Miss Edith C. Ellwood, Miss Libby Carsons, Mr. R. Southam, Miss A. K. Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann, Miss Langmuir, Mr. T. A. Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Mr. Charles H. Watson, Mrs. E. T. Carter, Miss A. L. Madeline Carter, Mrs. I. F. McMahon, Mrs. R. P. Gough, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Wood, Mrs. J. M. Clark, Mrs. Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mr. Ira Standish, Mr. and

Mrs. H. B. Wills, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davidson, Miss Mary Bell, Miss Helen Bell, Mr. J. M. Clark, Dr. F. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Osborne, Rev. G. Hamilton Dicker, Mr. W. J. Dyas, Miss Sara Edmonds, Mr. and Mrs. Holladay.

Among those spending the week-end at the Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, were: Dr. and Mrs. J. F. W. Ross, Mr. James W. Ross, Miss Elsie Ross, Miss Jean Ross, Miss H. T. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hammond, Toronto; Mrs. Adams, Miss Parker, Montreal; Miss Atkins, Paris; Mr. R. R. Bruce, British Columbia; Mr. George R. Hargraff and wife, Mr. G. N. Hargraff, Mr. L. G. Hargraff, Mr. Henry I. Scott, Mr. G. L. Francis and party, Misses Langmuir, Mr. A. D. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Osler, Toronto.

Among the Mormons

In the Canadian West—Teaching in one of Their Schools

WINNIPEG, Feb., '07.

TO Easterners the custom of old-timers in the West, who have lived a number of years on the outskirts of civilization, seem somewhat peculiar, and the "tenderfoot" often wonders what manner of people he has fallen with until he begins to receive and appreciate the typical goodfellowship and hospitality which exists everywhere on the frontier. The oftentimes peculiar words and actions are the result of the cosmopolitan character of the peoples who have gathered from every country under the sun and have all become thoroughly Canadianized. The necessity of doing without many luxuries and conveniences of more highly civilized and cultured localities causes the noticeable difference in the method in which many of the ordinary acts of life are performed. The writer a few years ago had the opportunity of spending some time in the Mormon settlement in Southern Alberta, where, teaching far out in the foothills, living with their bishop of the ward, and attending their services there was a splendid opportunity of knowing the Latter Day Saints, and by them being broken to Western customs.

Situated in a beautiful flat, along a creek bottom, were located the log ranch buildings of the bishop, while a couple of hundred yards away, across the stream, was the church, which also served as the academy; the only other house in the flat was the one-roomed homestead shack of a missionary, and these were the only buildings in sight. This little valley is situated fifteen miles from Cardston, and right under the shadow of Big Chief, one of the highest peaks of the Rockies. It is in the heart of the foothills, and there is hardly a level spot to be found for miles around, but it may best be described by borrowing from Bryant, "As if the ocean in its wildest swell stood still." From Utah came these people, who are scattered all over this section of the country, and they are engaged in farming and ranching, and, as has been written and told the world over, they are a most industrious and frugal class of immigrants. The bishop's "palace" consisted of three rooms on the ground floor—built of logs, it is true, but nicely papered inside—and was as comfortable a house and as cleanly as could be asked for. With a family of seven and boarding the teacher, the accommodation was somewhat congested, but that is expected in the homestead lands and taken as a matter of course. It isn't often in the eastern part of Canada that the teacher is asked to sleep in the same room with three or four of the family, but when he gets as far off the beaten path as many are in the West it is not a very startling thing to have the one room of which the house consists divided at night by only a screen, which makes two rooms where but one existed in the daytime. In this case I occupied a small room in common with three of the boys, and was very comfortable.

All the family—old and young—referred to the rest and to all others in the community as "brother" or "sister," and even after a few months the teacher came to be similarly designated—possibly in hopes that he might some day be a Saint. It seemed strange to hear a father calling his little daughter "little sister," but the strangeness soon wore off as other stranger things occurred. A very free and easy spirit of comradeship springs up where all the family and the boarders perform their morning ablutions in a tin hand-basin, on benches on the doorstep, and dry their countenance on a common towel. It is the ideal democratic spirit of the West, where "what one has is another's," and if the stranger is inclined to haughtiness and austerity of manner it must invariably melt away before the genial influences of such customs. Around the table on which was spread the daily fare there existed the same spirit of "each for himself," and after one of the children had called for divine blessing upon the food, the head of the table seized the "mush" dish—if at the morning meal—and then proceeded to demolish his share, while the dish proceeded on its comforting course around the table, growing amazingly lighter as it strayed; all the other dishes went around the same course, and no one lost any time. After breakfast there was the family worship, as all these people are very devout, and daily worship is never omitted at the beginning and close of the day.

The schoolhouse was reached by walking across the creek on a bridge constructed of two planks, and was the only bridge in the vicinity. As teams could ford most anywhere. As

the hour for work approached on the first morning, ponies, with children astride, appeared from all directions. One, two and three on one little cayuse they came, and each cayuse was persuaded to put forth his best burst of speed as he neared the institution of learning, in order that the teacher and other spectators might not ascribe any inferior qualities to that particular locomotive. If two or three loaded cayuses happened along in the same direction there was sure to be a race, for the children of the West are nothing if not thoroughbred sports. A hitching-place was arranged in front of the schoolhouse, and by the time nine o'clock came round there was a great array of diminutive horseflesh before the door. Fastened in various ways—but far enough apart that their heels could not dovetail—were "buckskins," "pintos," "piebalds," "bucks," black, white and almost every color of the rainbow and every description of the far-famed cayuse, and, occasionally, a well-bred horse would be ridden by some of the larger scholars.

The boys in particular had a strong regard for their personal comfort, and when the weather was warm they disdained the smothering influence of a coat. For a distance of several miles they came to school in their shirt-sleeves, and often had the sleeves cut off short, barefoot and wearing a pair of blue overalls—the favorite style of pantaloons in that part of the country. In school the children were not noticeably different from any others—except possibly rather more industrious than the general run, as they realized their needs and appreciated the privileges of a school for a few months in the year so far away from the centres of civilization. The chinks between the logs of the schoolhouse-church were originally filled with plaster, but a great deal of this had fallen out and was not repaired as promptly as it should have been at the approach of winter. When the cold, wintry winds howled around the structure—and when those winds do howl in that foothill region they put all other Canadian winds to shame—it kept the teacher and the boys stoking the old stove all day long, and the few courageous pupils present huddled around the red-hot stove to secure all the comfort possible.

Around the schoolhouse in the little flat was marked out a number of town lots, where eventually a town was to be built up. This is a typical Mormon custom, and when the hardships of pioneering have been overcome the farmers from all over the district build houses near the church, and in winter time move in off their farms to enjoy village privileges.

GARRY.

EX-CONGRESSMAN JOHN S. WISE, formerly of Virginia, now of New York, is a warm personal friend of President Roosevelt. Being in Washington a few days ago he visited the White House, and was promptly accorded an interview. In the course of the conversation the President is said to have remarked:

"Now, John, you are a very observing man, and know pretty near what is going on. Tell me what the people seem to think of my administration?"

"Oh, Mr. President," Mr. Wise replied, "the opinion seems to be that you will go down to posterity with Washington."

"I am delighted to hear that," the President is said to have answered interrupting, as he grasped Mr. Wise's hand and shook it heartily. But as he released his hold, Mr. Wise continued:

"But whether it will be with George or Booker T., I am not prepared to say."

ACCORDING to a Washington legal light, there are times when a lawyer regrets the use of an illustration which a moment before has appeared especially felicitous.

"The argument of my learned and brilliant colleague," said counsel for the plaintiff in a recent suit for damages from a railway company, "is like the snow now falling outside—it is scattered here, there and everywhere."

Whereupon opposing counsel improved his opportunity. "All I can say," he hastily interposed, "is that the gentleman who has likened my argument to the snow now falling outside has neglected to observe one little point to which I flatter myself the similarity extends—it has covered all the ground in a very short time."

Mr. Edison laughed.

"Oh, no," he said. "Oh, no."

"Why not?" asked the visitor.

"Because," was the reply, "everyone who comes through that gate pumps two buckets of water into the tank on the roof."

Making a Pile

JUST before the Christmas of 1905, when the pleasure-loving people of the then prosperous city of San Francisco were engaged in festive revels and when no vision but that of the horn of plenty filled the eye of any healthy-minded mortal who looked north, south, east or beyond the Golden Gate toward the coming year, there appeared in the San Francisco Bulletin, a well-written newspaper of sound judgment, the following prophecy:

"Twenty years hence a favorite theme of elderly or middle-aged citizens of San Francisco will be the vast sums they could have made had they invested money in real property in this city in the year 1905 or thereabouts. Their laments over what might have been will be only variations of the melancholy song that is chanted at the present time by half the ancient inmates of the Almshouse and by every impoverished pioneer. Where is the penniless old man that was here in early days and doesn't think he remembers when he could have bought the site of the James Flood building for twenty dollars, and any block in Market street for a barrel of good whisky?"

"There is not a city in the world that has a surer future of commercial greatness than San Francisco. Its harbor and its geographical position give it advantages that never can be stolen away. A main station of the world's commercial highway, the natural port for trade between America and the Asian and Australasian continents by the Pacific ocean, San Francisco is destined to become one of the greatest marts in the world. The awakening of the immense population of China will stimulate our trade with the Orient and add to our revenues and our population."

"Nor can the growth of San Francisco be retarded by that of competing cities. Seattle and Portland are so far away that they do not affect San Francisco. There is plenty of room for another great city in the Pacific Northwest, also for a great city in Southern California. No other city will retard the growth of San Francisco any more than St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and Pittsburg retard the growth of one another."

"Within twenty years the population of San Francisco, taking a conservative estimate, will exceed one million. This great population will fill up the territory now covered by the settled part of the city and will build homes down the peninsula."

Any man who owns \$5,000 cash in this year, 1905, can become independently wealthy within twenty years, and if he doesn't, there is no excuse for him except hopeless stupidity."

Continuing, The Bulletin proceeded to point out certain districts of the city which "nothing could prevent from becoming increasingly valuable" some for commercial, others for residential purposes. And investment in property was strongly advised. The article bore this caption—an apt one enough: "How Any Man May Make His Pile in San Francisco."

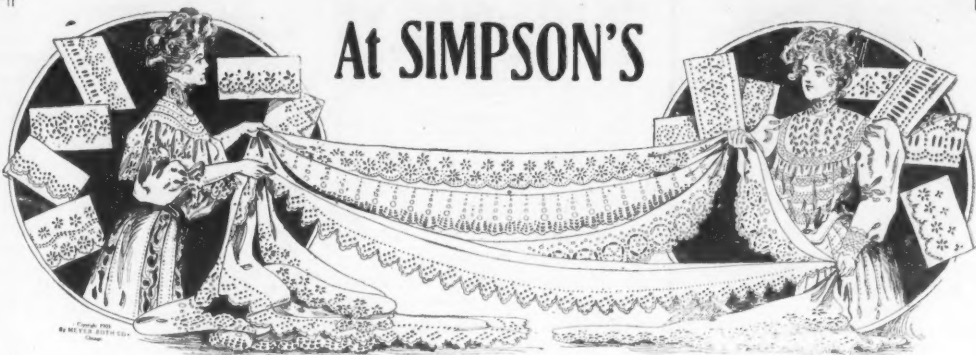
Less than four months after the publication of the article San Francisco was in ruins. Then followed a temporary readjustment of property values, and later there began a permanent readjustment. Important business thoroughfares were deserted or became residential streets. Residential streets became business centres. And today the most acute and far-seeing men cannot say just how the problem of the final readjustment of land values will work itself out. It is a problem too big to be manipulated by any group of investors.

Here is an instance of the mutability of human affairs well worth the consideration of every young man whose mind is filled with the problem of how to make a pile. Of course occurrences such as the San Francisco disaster or the Kingston disaster are so exceptional that they cannot be taken into consideration by the average investor. An earthquake does not occur every day. But many other circumstances do occur every day, which should be enough to convince any young man that it is folly for him to think he can invest a few dollars in land or stocks or anything else and, without taking thought, sit down and watch his pile grow into an independent fortune.

Too many young men in Canada today are thinking of nothing but how to make a pile—of how to possess themselves of enough of what they consider the essence of everything to make life a joyous affair without working for it. Many and many a young man in Toronto during the past year has ventured his savings in stock margins and in other foolish attempts to make a pile and lost them as suddenly as property was lost in the San Francisco earthquake. It is a fine

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Nainsook and Swiss Sets in the finest designs, 1-8 inch to 8 inches, with insertions to match, in two widths, prices per yard, 10c to 85c.

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Corset Cover Embroideries, in Cambric, Nainsook and Swiss, 16 inches wide, per yard, 25c to \$1.25.

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All-Over Embroideries, in Swiss, Nainsook and Cambric, 22 inches wide, in the small dainty "baby" effects; also "Blousing" in handsome designs in "eyelet" blind and "shadow," per yard, \$1.00 to \$3.50.

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THE ROBERT

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thing to see a young man seeking to better his financial position by honest effort and the use of his brains. But it is more than regrettable to see boys gambling weakly and foolishly, aiming to make a pile by chance. Young fellows ought to be busy gathering a heap of brain equipment instead of seeking to make a pile of money through luck.

H. W. J.

He was wrapped in dignity and an enormous ulster, and sat up in the tram with the majesty of a line-of-battleship under full canvas.

He had just started to relate a conversation he had with the Prince of Wales when an inspector jumped on board and asked to see tickets.

"Sorry, sir, we don't stop there," observed the inspector, closely scrutinizing the ticket of the mighty one. "Stop where?" inquired the seeming millionaire.

"At Smith's, the pawnbroker's," answered the inspector handing back the pawn ticket to its owner.—Tatler.

A criminal whose day of execution had arrived was asked by the gaoler if he had any last favor to request.

"I have, sir," said the condemned man, "and it is a very slight favor indeed."

"Well, if it is really a slight favor I can grant it. What is it?"

"I want a few peaches to eat."

"Peaches!" exclaimed the gaoler, "why, they won't be ripe for several months yet."

"Well," said the condemned man, "that doesn't matter—I'll wait."—London Tatler.

Mr. Borem—She asked me to sing, and insisted upon encore after encore.

Miss Pepper—Yes; she told me afterward that anything was better than sitting there and talking to you all the evening.—Illustrated Bits.

Poet—What do you think of this little poem of mine, "She would Not Smile?"

Editor—I think if you had read the poem to her she would have smiled.—La Rire.

A Suggested Change.

Editor Saturday Night: The Provincial Government will amend the Manhood Suffrage Act with respect to the registration clauses thereof, at the present session of Legislature.

The amendment to the Act will require the assessors in each municipality to have the names of its manhood suffrage voters appear on the general voters' lists.

This is a step in the right direction; but why not go further by adding another clause which would enable the young men of Ontario so qualified to vote, to vote at the municipal elections, for municipal officers.

There are at least 100,000 young men living in towns and villages in Ontario who would welcome the change, and it would be giving a franchise to those who are justly entitled to it.

By the payment of poll tax into the coffers of a town or any municipality the young men are as truly taxpayers (for it goes into the general fund) as are the property owners who pay from one to one hundred dollars in taxes. They have reached their manhood and will sooner or later become tenants or property owners, and the young men who have attained their majority should begin to have a say who are to be elected to control the destinies of the town or municipality.

Mr. Studholme, M.P.P., proposes to introduce a Bill in the Legislature to cause compulsory voting. This may be a necessity as the present law stands, but I believe it would not be necessary at all should we, the young men of Ontario, get the franchise mentioned, and something they could not be anything but grateful for for all time to come.

JAS. T. UTTLEY.

Berlin, Feb. 13, 1907.

Very few persons really know that the largest flesh-eating animals in the world are found in America. People generally believe that the African lion is the king of beasts, but he is not nearly as large or as powerful an animal as the large brown bear of subarctic America.

The bears are not as ferocious or combative as the lions, nor are they nearly as vicious as they are given credit for being; but the largest of them are much larger and more powerful than any of the lions. It is safe to say that the largest of the brown bears of the North would weigh three times as much as the largest specimen of lion, and is beyond all question greatly superior in strength.

If brought together in combat, the bear would at first appear very clumsy, says Scribner's Magazine. It would not be capable of the quick rush or the catlike spring of the lion.

It would not attack, but would remain entirely on the defensive, meeting its adversary with blows of such rapidity and terrific force as at once to illustrate its superiority not only in strength, but in action. I do not believe that there is an animal in the world that can act more quickly or effectively or can aim its blows with greater certainty than the bear.


The large brown bears of the Alaska peninsula, south of Behring Sea, are among the largest bears of the world, and it is evident that there is no part of the world outside of America in which such large flesh-eating animals are found. The bears are flesh-eaters, or carnivorous, yet there are none of them that depend upon flesh for food, and with most of them flesh comprises but a very small percentage of their food.

Here is a touching incident illustrative of man's tenderness and chivalry. For nearly two years he kept the cremated remains of his first wife in a handsome jar on the mantelpiece. A week or two ago, during sleety weather, he took down the jar and sprinkled the ashes on the front steps for fear his second wife might slip and break her neck.

"Newton discovered why the apple fell down, did he not?"

"He did."

"Well, then, it remains for some equally brilliant mind to discover why it is that plums fall to those higher up."—Harper's Weekly.



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SPORTING COMMENT

junior series be remodelled to suit circumstances.

"Secondly, if in the senior series a club found it necessary to play a mixed team of amateurs and professionals, they could do so without any harm being done, and we would keep our good talent here instead of allowing our best players to drift to outside places, and would see an improved class of hockey. Now, in this connection, let me impress upon you that it would not be the intention to have purely professional teams, but simply to prevent the evils and injustice that have resulted from the lack of common sense being used in treatment of the conditions as they exist to-day. Is it not absurd that if two professionals are on a team the other five should be suspended and debarred from playing the game, although they may be as purely amateur as ever put on a skate? The only test that should be applied as to a man's amateur standing is whether he has received any remuneration whatsoever for his services on the team.

It may not be a matter of common knowledge, but it is a fact that Ontario enjoys the doubtful distinction of having two silly seasons. The one which we all know crops up around the dog-days, and its symptoms vary; the other makes its appearance almost any time in the winter after the New Year, and always signalizes its arrival by a series of hoarse prophecies, which depict in lurid colors the impending break-up of the O.H.A. We have got so used to the annual recurrence of this phenomenon, that were it to miss a visit, nothing, no, not even the presence of The Globe robin, could convince us that winter is here.

This year we are favored once more, and the Cassandra for the occasion is London, Ont. The city on the Thames has quite a reputation in some things, but in no way is she more justly favored than as a dispenser of gloom and cheap advice to the sporting world at large. At one time there was a hope that the supply would give out, but the plant is apparently running day and night shifts once more.

The gloom we can stand. Sporting conditions in the Forest City are not conducive to optimism, and it is but natural that the scribe's perspective should be a little out of tone, but the airy advice coming over the wires these days is just the least bit tiresome. When the town aforesaid can get up enough gumption to produce a "sure-nuff" hockey team as a symptom of real interest in the game, then, and not till then, can we accept her words of wisdom at face value. At present it looks too much like a man standing on the outskirts of a row and chucking half-bricks into the fracas to keep it going.

There is one saving feature about this prophecy business. If you peer into the future and see the same thing every year for about eighty years, perhaps facts and prophecy may coincide some time. You never can tell.

On March 2 the great race for the professional sculling championship of the world takes place on the Nepean River near Penrith, Australia. The contestants are George Towns of Sydney, the present champion, and Eddie Durnan of this city, who has undoubtedly earned the right to challenge for the title.

That this is no child's play is shown by the weary months the challenger has to spend in getting used to the climate, and this is on top of the usual discomforts of training for such an event. In addition to the importance of the title at stake, there is the tidy sum of £500 involved, and if the one is lost the other goes too. This would sting a little.

Up to date, scullers from other lands have not had any great degree of success on Australian waters, and it means a feather in Toronto's cap and another boost for Canada if Durnan turns the trick. The many many friends of this unassuming oarsman are earnestly hoping for his success.

Our old friend, W. E. Findlay, is with us once more. He will be remembered as a letter-writer of no mean parts in the past, and he is again making use of the mails at the rate of two cents per ounce or fraction thereof to disseminate the gospel of sport according to Montreal throughout the benighted wilderness of Ontario. It matters not that we fail to see the need for a rescuer. We must be pulled from the morass of mistaken ideas in which we are floundering and set upon the firm ground with those who really know.

The opening shot of the campaign is in the form of a letter sent to several of the hockey clubs in Western Ontario, which district is imagined by some people to be seething with sedition and discontent.

If the reader has not met with it elsewhere, a perusal of this document should prove entertaining. As a contribution to the small stock of native humor, it is unique and valuable. Here it is:

"Dear Sir,—It is evident to all those interested in the game of hockey in Western Ontario that conditions favor the organization of an association to control that sport in that section, under the amended definition of an amateur, which permits him to play with or against professionals without losing his amateur status.

"In the first place, an association formed along these lines would control its own destinies and the interests of the West would be well looked after, and the senior, intermediate and

"In the East the league is a mixed one. The Wanderers have both amateurs and professionals on their team. The Victorias and Montreals are all amateurs. The Ottawas are all professionals. Now, these four teams are playing against each other, and no harm results from the arrangement. Why should we not in Western Ontario have an association formed along these lines? A preliminary meeting will be called shortly for the purpose of such an association, and if your club is favorably inclined to the idea, will you kindly advise the undersigned, so that we may keep in touch with you and advise you of the date of the meeting. Yours truly,

("Signed) W. E. Findlay."

The wolf-hunting party, on its way to the rendezvous near Desbarats, Ont., sent the following message to SATURDAY NIGHT, dated from Gordon Lake, February 9: "Half way to first wolf-hunt camp. We include representatives of British, American and French animals; also representatives of Quebec, Ontario, France, Michigan, Ohio, New York, Maine, Minnesota, British Columbia and Massachusetts. All are glad they came. If the wolves have not heard of our intentions results will be all right."

Mr. R. C. Strickland in a letter to the Peterboro Review argues that there should be two seasons for deer hunting in Ontario, one for dogs and one for still hunting. He says that the two factions cannot be reconciled in favor of one season, and there should be two—the water season, and the snow season—the water season from Oct. 20 to 30 inclusive; the snow season from Nov. 10 to 20 inclusive. Under the arrangement dogs would not be allowed in the woods after Nov 18th, and the man who wanted to hunt both seasons would need to take out a license for each.

Passengers reaching Winnipeg from the west one day last week report having seen from the train an unusual sight. Between Lethbridge and Medicine Hat a number of beautiful antelope were struggling in the deep snow, and without much apparent food on which to subsist.

There were thousands upon thousands of them banded together near the railway track; nor were they unaccompanied. Around the animals were numbers of wolves squatting upon their haunches, ready to seize upon any one of the antelopes that might happen to fall through fatigue. It is considered a pity that a train loaded up with good rifle shots could not get after the wolves and clear out a number of the destructive pests. They have evidently travelled vast distances in pursuit of the antelope, and as many are gathered together, it would be a grand opportunity to kill off a number of them. The wolves were not all coyotes, for intermixed with them were big timber wolves. Mr. Erzinger estimates that there were more than forty wolves in sight watching for their intended prey.

The Strenuous Life.

Nature will have her compensations. Our overworked bodies and nerves require recuperation and rest. The longer the delay the greater the price. Before too late try the tonic influence of the Mineral Salt Springs. The "St. Catharines Well," for nervous troubles, rheumatism and allied diseases, appeals to those desiring relief and absolute convalescence. Write to J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System, Toronto, for illustrated descriptive matter.

Game and Fish

Conditions in Ontario, both Old and New

Editor Saturday Night:—Much is being written at present regarding the question of protection of fish and game in Ontario. This is gratifying to the sportsmen and to those who wish to have our wild animals and birds and our game fish protected and propagated, but let us make sure that it ends not in articles and protests in the press.

In the march of daily events, the average sportsman has no time to devote to the subject of the province's fish and game save during his annual hunting or fishing trip when the season opens; especially during the cold winter months the subject is relegated to make way for some important items. But I would point out what is clear to all who have spent but a moment in seriously thinking over the sad conditions found to-day in Ontario. It is absolutely imperative that the people, not merely the sportsman, but the people who have at heart the condition of our live wild things, urge and demand that laws now enacted be directed towards keeping the "hog" and slaughterer in their proper place; it is imperative that they urge the Legislature to enact new laws, if these be contrary, towards protecting our fish and game; many of the laws are now and, in fact always have been, practically "dead" and of no use whatever. The time has assuredly come when we have to act promptly and it seems to those who have studied the matter carefully and delved beneath the surface facts, drastic measures are in due order.

Several letters have appeared in the Saturday Night recently dealing with killing of big game out of season; some have blamed the Indian severely, others the settler. I think the truth is (and I am in a position to know the facts pretty well), that all are to blame. First the lumber camps are responsible. They employ "settlers" and Indians to hunt for the camp at so much per day, finding it cheaper than supplying their men with beef at so much per pound. In this way hundreds of moose and deer are killed every winter in Northern Ontario. Then comes the so-called "settler"; he kills a great many of the moose and deer that are killed out-of-season; when not in the employ of a lumber company to supply the table at the camps, then for his own consumption and also frequently gives a haunch to his friends in towns. The Indian has come in for a lot of blame during the past month or so. Doubtless he is to blame for a great deal of the illegal killing, but let me tell you that the "settler" of New Ontario is a much worse offender. I believe a few secret service men sent into the localities where these men are doing their illegal work would result in a complete stop being put to the condition.

I traversed this whole territory last summer and autumn and saw many evidences of illegal work then; further, in connection with my work in the American Magazine, of which I edit the Canadian department, much correspondence has been received dealing with similar conditions met with by sportsmen up there during the hunting season. These native hunters for the lumber camps and for their own private use are killing more big game than the wolf.

The American sportsmen come in to Ontario in hundreds each summer and fall. When they break the law, which is not very often, it is through ignorance of that law and they are promptly made to pay a fine. I think we have the real trouble right amongst ourselves in the mighty lumber companies, in the settler and the Indian, particularly the settler and the companies. We need to get after these and our game will benefit. We have an immense national asset in our forests, our fish and our game; but our forests are being ruthlessly destroyed and our fish and game are being slaughtered without any thought for the future. It is very easy to destroy a tree a hundred years old, it makes good lumber too; it is also very easy to kill our game in large numbers to-day, but we will assuredly find more difficulty in reproducing the same kind of tree again and yet more difficult will it be to put a moose, a deer or a 4 lb. black bass into their native haunts for those killed. With proper

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care we have plenty of game and plenty of game and food fish to suffice for our grandchildren and their progeny, but at the rate our live things are being simply slaughtered out of season and the year round, we shall have a similar state of affairs as regards our moose, our caribou, our deer, wild fowl, fish and fur-bearing animals fifteen years hence as is found to-day with the bison and the wild pigeon; history will but repeat itself.

I would urge that the Ontario Legislature, the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association, the railways traversing our gameland, and the people of Ontario generally, take a stand in this matter ere too late; some of us have seen the buffalo and the pigeon go and, things continuing as at present, some of us will see the big game, and the water fowl follow in their footsteps.

S. E. Sangster (Canuck).
Editor of the Canadian department in the National Sportsman Magazine, Ottawa, Feb. 9, 1907.

Don't Overdraw Your Bank Account.

To overdraw your bank account, whether mentally or physically, is more suicidal even than to overdraw materially. Repair wasted tissues, strengthen shattered nerves and rejuvenate your rheumatic system by visiting the famous Mineral Salt Springs of the "St. Catharines Well" of St. Catharines, Ont. A postal card to J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System, Toronto, will bring illustrated descriptive matter.

Art may be long; artists are usually short. The shortest road to a soft snap is hard work.

The lover slowest in going is usually farthest gone.

It may take two to make a bargain, but only one of them gets it.

Many a travelling premier danseuse carries her trunks in her satchel.—Lippincott's.

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HOW THEY CARRIED THE BAD NEWS TO PARSON'S GREEN



TIP-TOP Society, or what counts for it round the New King's Road, has completely "cut" the Massingers. And none too prematurely either; it was a thing all the world in that microcosmic oasis already mentioned had long been expecting, for, ever since they had arrived, the Massingers had continually been giving occasions for discussion and distrust.

They were Colonials, to begin with; and as such were distressingly ignorant of, or insolent of, the niceties of that little social code that makes for happiness in a suburb of Old London.

For instance, when they came they left no cards anywhere; they paid no visits in the district, and seemed to invite none. Instead of the demure and orthodox snowy hearthstone at the gate they substituted a most dissipated mosaic! They swept away the highly respectable shrubs in the front garden, and actually tried to grow flowers; and, worse still, they did it.

Other depravities, of course, followed. They had the gas cut off, had the walls stripped of their beautiful varnished paper, and distempered rose and pale blue; they used to go on the balcony in fine weather and sit there, perhaps for hours together, as if it were decorous to venture on a balcony overlooking a public street; they used to go out a great deal to foreign parts quite outside the district, and—most ominous and disreputable sign—they paid the tradesmen ready money!

Again, when the next-door lady had managed to surprise Mrs. Massinger one day trimming the flowers in the front plot she succeeded in telling her it was a fine day. What was the reply? Not, as would have been expected by folks of breeding and refinement, an immediate and confidential discourse on all Mrs. Massinger's private affairs and the history of her relations and acquaintances. No! Mrs. Massinger failed at the test. She simply corroborated the hypothesis that the day was fine, finished her pruning and went indoors. She was concealing something, of course; so of course she had something to conceal.

Then the extravagant way she dressed! Always in the height of fashion; not the demure and sobered fashion that was tolerated down there but the fashion that came over fresh from Paris; not the copy of a Bowdlerised magazine pattern, but the result of an intelligent woman's intuition. And these startling gowns, which the foolish men (in their wives' absence) declared lovely, she was known to make herself, and to spend next to nothing on the making; so that she could manage to have a new one much more often than was decent and—aggravation of the offence—with a hat always to match.

Mr. Massinger's eccentricities—the suburb tried to be charitable, and at first only called them that—were as deplorable. He had been seen from the back cleaning his boots, and was reported to have declared that boot-cleaning was no work for the maid, and so he did it himself. This afore-said maid had openly boasted that she received more wages than she had asked, a statement that did not assist in "keeping down" the other "girls" in the street; she had also confessed that the "master" often carried up scuttles of coal for her from the cellar, and sometimes went to the extent of lighting his study fire; also that he periodically hired a man to clean the windows and do rough work like that; and even openly encouraged the visits of her young man as soon as he knew they were formally engaged to be married.

It has already been said that he paid the tradesmen ready money, as if it were not more solid and select to run a bill for a month, and then run

it on for another; but in this matter he went even further. He sometimes even insisted on carrying his purchases home, and submitted himself to the shameful indignity of being seen walking about with a brown paper parcel in his hand.

One day—Mr. Massinger had been buying some heavy iron work at the local stores—the tradesman felt it his duty to protest. He had a boy especially for that duty, a hungry-looking boy, apparently aged about thirteen, and standing nearly as high as his hand-barrow; he would send the things home by the barrow and the boy. And this very reasonable proposition Massinger overruled; said he was just as strong as the boy, took the things on his shoulder, and went off like that.

Australians and what-not! Australia! Where the convicts come from you know!

Can it be wondered, then, that the nostrils of Society of Parson's Green were quivering with indignation at the goings-on of such a couple; that this indignation only increased at the indifference of the offenders, until it distended itself into what might have seemed to an unsympathetic stranger to be an upturned snuffle; and that the whole neighborhood in consequence went about with all the symptoms of a chronic and highly uncomfortable influenza? And yet the whole neighborhood, with strange inconsistency beamed into an ascetic smile when the Massingers approached; and said good-day in ardent salutation. But that, you must understand, was before the cut occurred.

The genealogy of the scandal is this. One morning, recently, Massinger went into a shop in the Strand to buy some cigarettes; hurrying out, he started to cross the road before he



"Mr. Massinger's eccentricities were deplorable. He had been seen from the back cleaning his own boots."

saw that the policeman had stepped back to allow the transverse traffic to proceed; consequently, when about in the middle, a hansom horse's head butted against him and made him slip and fall in the greasy mud. The cabby pulled up sharp, right in front of an omnibus which had just got on the move. Then the wheels of the hansom and the omnibus became interlocked. Right down the line the traffic was brusquely stopped, and the air became thick with varied objurgations, which, commencing, as was just, with the omnibus driver, who was a pirate, lost none of its volume or intensity in proceeding.

The policeman remained stolid under this shower bath of language, and took notes of the proceedings from everyone participating in them; the crowd formed and enjoyed itself for a few minutes in inquiry and running commentary; Massinger limped into the hansom and drove to his club; the Waterloo pirate continued his interrupted way to King's Cross; and, with some difficulty, and a good deal of help

from the police, everyone managed to "pass along, please."

There the affair would, and should have ended. But such a happy settlement was too much to expect in this world. For down Chancery Lane the Waterloo pirate got crawling behind a green Favorite; the Favorite conductor had punched all his fares, and for the moment was quite disposed to a little perfunctory conversation.

"'Ello, Bill," he shouted, "what's the matter with your paint?"

Bill, whose name accurately was Lionel, a name found unfitted for street salutation, disdained to reply. But that was evidently what the conductor expected, for he began his catechism again.

"Been racing a Road Car? And he did you best, eh?"

The mere name of a Road Car aroused Lionel Bill (you must remember that the Road Cars changed the entire map of London as far as fares were concerned), and he repulsed the suggestion with much heartiness.

"No. What are you giving us? A bloke down the Strand fell down in front of a hansom, hansom backed into my near wheel. It'll cost me about a bob."

Then the Favorite got a clear start down the Gray's Inn Road, and left the pirate loafing.

When the Favorite got back again to Victoria he found an old friend of his in the station yard—a conductor on a Liverpool Street Road Car.

"'Ello, Bill," he said—this Bill's name was Albert Edward—"seen anything of the smash-up down the Strand this morning?"

"No," replied Bill Albert Edward; "what was it?"

"Bloke fell out of a hansom, drunk; hansom backed in a 'bus and smashed the near wheel. Old Bill's Waterloo 'bus it was, you know."

"No, I don't," denied Bill Albert Edward. The inspector blew his whistle, and they parted.

On the return journey the Victoria Road Car was changing horses at Westminster, when a Walham Green Car came up.

"'Orful accident down the Strand this morning," said Walham Green.

"Yes," acquiesced Victoria, who knew nothing about it, but wasn't likely to confess it, especially to a conductor of the same company; "orrible, ain't it?"

"Did you see the bloke?" asked Walham Green.

"I was right there," lied Victoria. "E came up to me, and he arsted were I a-goin' to Olympia. I could see he were intoxicated, of course; and when I pushed him off the step he canoned up against a horse and fell down right in the mud."

"They ought to have arrested him," advised Walham Green.

"That's what they done," said Victoria. "When I came away there were three bobbies taking him off in a hambulance."

At Sloane Square the Walham Green Car got to "nursing" a Putney pirate that had changed routes.

"Garn," said the Car conductor, "you're worse than the bloke in the Strand."

"Ho," asked the pirate driver, "and what did 'e do, if I might be so bold?"

The Car, in the face of such a respectful request for information, became friendly at once.

"Didn't you see it?" he said. "My word! you missed a treat. There was a bloke as a cabby had been driving about all night; and when he gets out the cabby wants his dibs, as were right and natural; and then this bloke he punches the horse in the head, and the horse rears up and the bloke falls down under his hoofs, and they took him off to the hospital insensible."

"Screwed, weren't he?" asked the pirate.

"Screwed!" cried the Car in admiration, "it ain't the word for it. Squiffy that's what 'e were."

Here the pirate's horses gave out and he fell behind. But presently a Putney Bridge General came past him, and at the World's End they were together.

"Changed your route again, 'ave yer?" asked the General conductor; "you bloomin' old highwayman, you!"

"You'd like to 'ave changed it, too, this morning, my lad," retorted the other, "I lay."

"What was up?" naturally demanded the General.

"A bit of all right"—the pirate had got his story ready, being of an imaginative and adventurous disposition, as befitted his calling—"a gent with D. T.'s, he was fighting a policeman in the Strand, and a lady came up and fell down in front of a furniture van, and then she sings out, 'Save me, kind sir!' and the bloke he pushes the horses back into the kerb, and catches hold of her, and she faints off, and then three other policemen came up with an ambulance and strapped 'em into it, and they ain't expected to recover."

"Who ain't?" impatiently demanded the General, who had started again and was rapidly getting out of hearing.

"The policemen," answered the pirate, who hadn't understood the question.

"Was—she—his—wife?" asked the General, waving his arms.

"Only one of them," shouted back the pirate, who was practically deaf at this distance, and hadn't heard a word.

"Well, I'm blest," commented the General, as he turned to collect fares.

He had to ask twice of the first passenger, a middle-aged matron of stuffy appearance, whose face was entirely preoccupied with allied emotions of grief and determination. The story she had just heard had made her blood run cold, to rise to her head at boiling heat next minute in shame and indignation; and then came the determination, and a certain sense of self-indulgence, to relate the affair in the social circle that very evening. For the lady was Mrs. Smugleigh, one of the Pillars of Society as edified at Parson's Green.

Massinger went to his club, and got as much of the mud as possible brushed off him; but London mud is too much like glue to be disposed of in so summary a manner; and when Massinger went home to tea his clothes were perhaps even more noticeable than ever. At any rate, they were sufficiently noticeable to Griggs, the green grocer, who thought the matter of so much interest that he spoke about it to all his subsequent customers, of whom one was Mrs. Gaunthly. Mrs. Gaunthly and Mrs. Smugleigh met at the same social circle that evening; and the electric connection was completed.

From which resulted the record:—That Mr. Massinger had been having delirium tremens all night in a hansom; that, reeling out of a public house, he had fallen against a hansom in which was sitting his first wife; that she had sprung out and seized the horse's head and felled Massinger to the ground with it; that she had flung herself into his arms and claimed him as her long-lost husband; that a policeman coming up had at once handcuffed him, whereupon Massinger had fought the policeman for twenty minutes and three rounds; that in the meantime the woman had fainted underneath the horse's hoofs, whence she was rescued conjointly by Massinger and the policeman (the same policeman and the fight still continuing); that when they had strapped her into the ambulance she violently assaulted the cabman, and seizing the horse's reins forced the hansom into a 'bus and broke the wheels; that Massinger was all the while too drunk to keep on his feet, and was now engaged in a stand-up fight with everyone who approached him; that he was also speechlessly intoxicated—too far gone to say a single word—and using most dreadful language; that he was eventually locked up for bigamy and manslaughter and being drunk; that, being recognized as a well-known forger and assassin, bail was, of course, refused, and he was immediately taken to Holloway to await his trial; and that he came home in the evening—same evening in such a state as to leave no doubt as to the correctness of all the foregoing.

Next day, it was, of course, only these matrons' decent duty to inform Mrs. Massinger of the whole affair, with particular stress on the bigamy; but her husband had evidently found her weak enough to believe some falsehood of his own invention; for shame to have it! she burst out laughing in their faces. Nothing can be done to help a woman like that—they left her to her fate and her husband, and henceforth cut them both.

There was a certain moral and platonic comfort in this action, it is true, but it was greatly discounted by the silence of the newspapers on the subject, and by the unaccountable negligence of the criminal authorities in

leaving Massinger still at large; and then, as if more were needed, it was altogether disconcerted and upset by the shameless bearing of the Massingers themselves. For, incredible as it may appear to a right-minded onlooker they didn't seem to mind. They went on living just as before, they kept up the same hypocritical pretence of perfect happiness, they presented always a well-nourished appearance, they continued paying their tradesmen in cash, and, most impudent effrontery of all, when they are met by the Pillars and severely and orthodoxly "cut" they look at one another and laugh.

The Pillars, however, have one sure hope and consolation; in careers like this more and more dreadful revelations may be hourly expected. The time will come—and the Pillars are now waiting for it.

The Boys of Long Ago.

When I go down to Gungawamp, As now and then I do, I run across some good old chap Whom long ago I knew. And he will want to stop and talk. And pass the time o' day And ask how I have got along Since I have been away.

"Uv course," says he, "yew understand."

I ain't a-nosin' 'round Inquirin' intew yewr affairs, But Bill, I'll jest be bound, I'd kinder like ter know how much Yew've made; uv course, yew know We're interested in the boys Who lived here years ago." Another one will hem and haw And say: "Bill, is it true

Thet yew hev trouble with yewr wife Ez people say yew dew? Uv course, I ain't a-meddlin', Bill, I jest wanted ter know: Becuz we're interested in Our boys uv long ago."

And Aunt Eliza, good old soul, She meets me on the street, And makes inquiries for "the folks" In tone and manner sweet, Then, confidential like, she says: "Tain't true, Bill, what they say, Yew'r wife goes about ter work ter help Her husban' pay his way?"

"Uv course," they add, "it's jest becuz We're interested, Bill. An' not becuz we're curious. 'Cuz yew're one uv us still. I like to go to Gungawamp And meet the friends I know; They are so interested in Their boys of long ago."

—Joe Cone.

"I was asked to find out when you would pay this little account," said the collector, pleasantly.

"Really," answered the debtor, "I am unable to enlighten you. However, there is a soothsayer in the next block who throws a fit and reveals the future at fifty cents a throw."

"I've no money to waste," growled the collector.

"Just add the fifty cents to my account," continued the other. "For I have curiosity on the point myself." —Philadelphia Ledger.

The following quotation comes from Love's Labor Lost, Act V, Scene 2.

Armado—"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift—"

Dumain—A gilt nutmeg.
Biron—A lemon.

Steady Hand.

A Surgeon's Hand Should be the Firmest of All.

"For fifteen years I have suffered from insomnia, indigestion and nervousness as a result of coffee drinking," said a surgeon the other day.

"The dyspepsia became so bad that I had to limit myself to one cup at breakfast. Even this caused me to lose my food soon after I ate it."

"All the attendant symptoms of indigestion, such as heart-burn, palpitation, water brash, wakefulness or disturbed sleep, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, etc., were present to such a degree as to incapacitate me for my practice as a surgeon."

"The result of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, was simply marvellous. The change was wrought forthwith, my hand steadied and my normal condition of health was restored." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason." Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Cures Your Rheumatism

Abbey's Salt certainly does help you to get rid of those Rheumatic attacks. It neutralizes Uric Acid in the blood—reduces the feverishness—and corrects Stomach, Liver and Bowel Troubles.

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Points About People

A NUMBER of years ago Sir Oliver Mowat, then Premier of Ontario, lived at a certain address on St. George street. An Englishman prominent in philanthropic and Christian work was coming to Canada on a visit, and a mutual friend gave him a letter of introduction to Sir Oliver addressed to the St. George street residence. The stranger arriving in Toronto, by a very natural mistake got the idea that Sir Oliver lived on George street and was directed there. Now it so happened that the corresponding number on George street was that of a house upon which the police had kept an eye for some time. It was with good grounds suspected of being the abode of crooks and other criminal characters. The innocent stranger found his way there about half-past eight o'clock in the evening and rang the bell. A tough-looking individual opened the door.

"Does Sir Oliver Mowat live here?" he asked.
"Sure Mike," said the crook, scenting game. "Come right in. Dis is de place!"

The Englishman thought this might be some new fangled type of butler of the Chimie Fadden variety until he was ushered into a room where a most evil-looking company was gathered. He rose to go, but was told he must put up the money to "rush de growler." To complete his discomfiture the police arrived at this moment to search the house for stolen goods and took the names of all present. Luckily the detective in charge was a man of humor and common sense, and on being shown the letter to Sir Oliver, laughed loudly and long. The bewildered stranger was sent on his way relieved, but certainly puzzled with colonial ways.

MR. JOHN ARMSTRONG, Secretary of the Ontario Labor Bureau, and a Justice of the Peace since Mr. Whitney became Premier, is fond of telling about what he had done for the cause of trades unionism. On Friday night, at the banquet of the Park School Old Boys, he responded to the toast of "The Ladies." Now, it is well known that John is a confirmed bachelor, and in spite of his two-score and odd years, he seems content to remain so. In his speech he referred with emphasis to the work he had done for trades unions. Mr. Joseph Thompson, Toronto's new Commissioner of Industries, followed him.

"A speech like that makes me tired," said Mr. Thompson in his blunt fashion. "Why doesn't Mr. Armstrong practise what he preaches? Here he's been going around the country preaching union for everybody but himself. Why doesn't he get married and form a union of his own instead of living a solitary life?"

The point fairly brought down the house.

WHEN Mrs. Langtry was a little girl and her father was rector of the Anglican church at St. Heliers on the island of Jersey, the people's church warden was a prosperous merchant named Durell. Afterward he fell into misfortune and came to Canada where, on account of advanced years and unadaptability to the conditions here, he found great difficulty in making a livelihood. Eventually, however, he found a meagre income by posing as an artist's model. His magnificent physique and snowy white beard made him a valuable acquisition to the artists of the city, and in many of the pictures depicting Canadian rural life painted by Mr. George A. Reid he figures prominently. In fact, for several years at the exhibitions of the Ontario Society of Artists his face in various aspects, according to the fancies of various artists, would loom forth from every wall. On the streets, because of his being a veritable St. Nicholas in appearance, he soon became a "familiar figure."

On day, about fifteen years ago, when Mrs. Langtry was playing here, he happened to mention to a patron that he had often played with her on his knee when she

was a tiny tot on the island of Jersey. It was suggested to him that he go and see her, but he seemed loath because of his fallen fortunes, and because so noted an actress would be difficult of access. However, an artist friend wrote out a card for him and he went down to the Queen's Hotel and presented it. The result was an immediate and cordial invitation to him to come up to the Red Parlor. The famous beauty remembered him perfectly well, and the two had a long and sympathetic chat about the old days in Jersey. Perceiving that his prosperity had vanished Mrs. Langtry left the room a moment and when she came back and extended her hand to say good-bye, it was to press \$25 in crisp five dollar bills into his hand. After that in her periodical visits to Toronto Durell was never forgotten. Two winters ago he was killed on Jarvis street through being run down by two men in a speeding cutter.

OLD KINGSTONIANS, and other Eastern Ontario men, still claim that James O'Reilly was the most eloquent, persuasive, and witty man that ever pleaded before a Canadian jury. As an evidence of his popularity as a lawyer it is said that on one circuit he had eighty-five civil briefs besides some criminal cases.

His great speech while prosecuting Whelan for the assassination of D'Arcy McGee in 1868 is still talked of. O'Reilly and McGee were close friends, and the lawyer made the avenging of his friend's death a personal matter. In fact this note was sounded rather more strongly than should have been allowed. But it was effective. After knitting the various strands of evidence as strongly together as possible, the great pleader told the jury that he would go down to his grave satisfied if he could trace the villain who had killed D'Arcy McGee. Answering the assertion that no one had seen Whelan do the deed, O'Reilly dramatically asked:

"Who saw him? God in heaven saw him on that beautiful night when all the heaven was lighted up—on that night when a dastardly deed was perpetrated which will bring down the vengeance of both God and man."

A thrill ran through the jury and the whole court, and it was felt that Whelan's doom was sealed.

MR. O'REILLY also knew how to use to advantage the comedy of a situation. In a breach of promise case he had for his client an elderly cook, fat, rubicund, and with but one eye. There was only one thing to do, and that was to laugh a friendly verdict out of the jury. O'Reilly showed how hospitably his client had treated her lover, and put in two photographs of the "before and after" order to prove his assertion that the jilted had during his courtship of the cook gained in weight some forty pounds.

"To whom does that forty pounds belong, if not to my client?" pleaded the wily lawyer, in tones that convinced the dulleards and amused the brighter men on the jury.

The appeal proved to be more successful than Shylock's for his single pound of flesh, for the twelve good men and true brought in a verdict for the cook of \$200, evidently rating the recalcitrant lover's corporeal increment at five dollars a pound!

THE late Archbishop Walsh was the most genial of men and it was his custom to give a monthly luncheon to the priesthood of the diocese of Toronto and afterward to give a straight common sense talk designed especially for the junior members on their duty to their parishioners. One of these luncheons fell on the day that Jim Corbett had his famous encounter with the English champion, Charlie Mitchell. Just as he began to speak he overheard one young priest whisper to another: "I wonder how the fight's going." The balance of his address was a stern rebuke to men whose minds should be set on the care of souls giving attention to such purely worldly matters, although he would excuse the young men on the ground of their youth and inexperience of life. A couple of hours later, having transacted some diocesan business, he set out in his carriage to drive from his palace to his home at St. Mary's grove. As soon as they had set out he leaned over to his secretary and asked: "Did you hear how the fight went?"

"They say Corbett won," was the reply.
"How long did it take him?"
"About half an hour."
"Good! The Irish are a great people!" murmured His Grace, and then he spoke upon the subject no more.

THE West has certainly got hold of us all in this country. We talk Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia; we dream Calgary, Edmonton and Regina. We may get it "on the brain" if we don't watch out. In last week's issue of this paper there was a paragraph giving a list of some sacred musical compositions, and among them one of which the title was given as "From Olivet to Calgary." Needless to say this was an error.

MR. SAINT N. SING, the interesting young Hindu journalist and traveller, at present in Canada, speaks excellent English. But he holds that we are very inconsistent in our pronunciation. "For instance," he says,

"why do you give such a word as 'photograph' a certain accent and then give it another when you say 'photographer'?"

Mr. Sing relates some amusing stories of the linguistic difficulties he meets with in his travels about the world. In conversation with a newspaperman the other day he told of an experience he once had in Japan. One morning he wished for some hot water, and called a serving maid. He tried to make known his want, but in vain. He thought he was giving her his order plainly enough, but she only smiled and bowed and looked blankly puzzled. Finally he lost his temper, and, forgetting himself, began to upbraid her in English for her dullness.

"O you —," he shouted.
But whatever epithet he intended to address to her as expressive of her stupidity remained unspoken. She was off like a shot, and soon came back with hot water. He had accidentally hit upon the right words.

IN telling a story everyone is more or less tempted to enrich his narrative with theatrical embroidery. The anecdote unadorned is apt to prove lacking in flavor. Yet many little incidents that cannot be decorated in the telling occur every day and furnish amusement such as no story can. For example the members of a certain Toronto household have lately smiled over a good many

jokes in the newspapers based on the recent epidemic of "the grip," but they laughed, and laughed heartily, the other day at the speech of the infant prodigy of the family, which seemed to them far the best joke they had heard in this connection. This little chap had been asked about his mother, who was suffering from influenza.

"Poor mamma," said the child, "she's very sick; she has the trunk."

MR. ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON, who became famous some years ago by reason of his original animal stories, and who is to lecture in Toronto in the near future, was once a pupil at Victoria street public school. In the school corridors they tell a story of him that shows how early in life he was interested in the animal kingdom.

One day he arrived at school early and got busy with the chalk at the blackboard. Soon he had drawn an excellent picture of a grizzly bear, and on it he put a human head—a speaking likeness of the principal of the school. When that worthy came on the scene his wrath was roused, and he demanded to know the artist.

The boy was manly enough to confess, and the reward of the first exhibition of art that has made him famous was a sound thrashing—administered as they knew how to do it in the good old days.

WHEN the late M. C. Cameron and Robert Porter met on the stump in West Huron there was an excellent display of wordy fence and pass. Porter scored against his adversary on one occasion in a very neat manner.

Cameron, who was the first speaker, poked fun at his opponent for claiming to be a farmer, when he was only a retired school teacher; adding that he did raise a few sheep on his not very well kept patch of land in Usborne township.

Porter in reply won out by saying: "It is true that I once taught school, and that I now have but a few acres where I raise some sheep and other farm produce. But, gentlemen, while I shear my few sheep on my humble little farm in Usborne, Mr. Cameron does his shearing in his law office in Goderich."

THE manner in which the Canadian frontier has been pushed back in the memory of the present generation is truly wonderful. Most Canadians, even the youngest of us, have talked with men and women, grey and bent, yet young enough in spirit to be keenly interested in life, who have told us strange tales of pioneer life—of how they carried flour on their backs through miles and miles of forest from the nearest mill to their homes in the wilderness and there, where now steam railways and trolley lines net one another, struggled for the bare necessities of life. Not long ago, it seems, the frontier was at our doors here in Ontario. Now it has been pressed back west and north until it has vanished from the sight of those who live in the towns on the northern shores of the Great Lakes, in Winnipeg, and in a hundred other places that connect the manufacturing provinces with provinces of wheat and cattle and mines. Rev. Edward H. Capp, writing in Canada First for February, tells interestingly of the beginnings of the "Soo," and of life thereabouts when Algoma was organized as a judicial district. He relates a story typical of life there when Sault Sainte Marie was a frontier settlement.

In the spring of 1867 the body of a farmer was found on Doris Island. The remains were towed to Bruce Mines and an inquest held. In the man's pocket was found a bottle of pickles, which fact led to the establishment of his identity. John Walker, a settler on Campment d'Ours—which, by the way, is an historic island down the St. Mary's river—had some months before purchased a bottle of pickles at Richard's Landing. So this was the man.

The jury, after grimly and silently examining the bottle and hearing evidence, brought in this verdict: "Found drowned through want of carelessness on the ice."

Someone produced a hymn book, read a hymn as a burial service, and the man was buried. But the bottle of pickles remained. The party returned from the grave, and all sat down silently, smoking and eyeing the pickles, till one, bolder than the rest, exclaimed: "Well, fellers, them pickles ain't much the worse for wear. I moves we eat 'em."

The motion was not put; the cork was drawn, and the pickles disposed of.

RECENTLY there was received in the office of a daily newspaper a communication protesting at some length against the practice of certain people in allowing their water taps to run at night to prevent their pipes from freezing. It was pointed out that this practice was against the civic regulations and unnecessary if a little care were exercised. The wastefulness of the proceeding in a city already heavily taxed was dwelt upon and the whole communication breathed a high ringing note of citizenship. It was signed "Civis" or "Pro Bono Publico" or some such non-de-plume. On the card which was enclosed to show the identity of the author, as now demanded by all newspapers, the editor noted a familiar name. Looking it up he found it to be that of a well-known plumber! The letter was not used and the editor, in returning it pointed out that two arguments had been omitted; namely, restraint of trade and interference with honest industry.

A. C. Benson writes as follows of the things which are worth while in life: "I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of heart and life; that one's relations with others should be direct and not diplomatic; that power leaves a bad taste in the mouth; that meanness and hardness and coolness are unforgivable sins; that conventionality is the mother of all dreariness; that pleasure exists, not in virtue of material conditions but in a joyful heart; that the world is a very interesting and beautiful place; that congenial labor is the secret of happiness; and many other things which seem, as I write them down, to be dull and trite commonplaces, but are for me, the bright jewels which I have found beside the way."

Dr. von Lecoq, of the Berlin Ethnological Museum, has made in Turkestan some remarkable discoveries of a buried and forgotten civilization. Fifteen chests, filled with manuscripts in ten languages, form only a part of what is regarded as one of the greatest finds in the record of antiquarian exploration.

It is the opinion of Thomas A. Edison, who at the age of sixty is planning to renew his youth by playing at electrical invention, that in a few years' airships will be travelling say forty feet above the ground.

Crossing the Atlantic

Comicalities of a Haughty Dame as They Looked to a Canadian Passenger.

By C. M.

CROSSING the Atlantic the other day, the star passenger on the steamer happened to be an excellent example of the Lady-Who-Gets-Things-Twisted.

The fact that she was ostentatiously English, and rich enough not to have to worry over appearances didn't materially add to her popularity. Naturally enough she sat next the captain, her husband being a person of such extraordinary influence and importance that she looked upon that particular seat as hers by a sort of divine right.

The weather was bad and most people were too ill to keep an eye on the lady with the twisted ideas. For once seasickness was not without its cheering side, for the lady herself was immune. Everything fled from her, even illness, and the explanation of her ever having caught a husband lay obviously in the fact that his digestion was so bad that he had sought a cure by accepting a counter irritant.

Only one man dared to rise above the general gloom which emanated from her person, as a fog does from London, burying everything in darkness. Being an American he may have had no sense of her importance; or perhaps he was merely constitutionally short on reverence. He was a stout, bald, young man who had chased Spaniards in Cuba, and natives in the Philippines, and so was accustomed to taking long odds.

Constantly he tried to soothe her wrath with anecdotes, and mollify her anger with witty words. Even, it was said, he had bet in the smoking-room that he would win a smile from her before the trip was over. It was also whispered that hardly had the bet been booked when a thin voice from behind one of the settees muttered, "You've courage, young man," while the countenance of the partner of her joys and sorrows showed for a minute before retiring again behind the voluminous folds of a handkerchief.

All this may have been gossip, but like most more or less scandalous tit-bits on shipboard it was thoroughly believed. At each meal the duel between the young man and the matron continued—he talked, she never smiled. Like all his countrymen he may have been brave, but of a certainty he lacked the sense of time and opportunity. One day at luncheon when the lady of twisted ideas had had her normal gloom increased by the gyrations of an indiscreet ship, that in spite of precautionary fiddles had covered with gravy what looked like her third best bicycle skirt ready for the rag bag, and which she wore apparently in default of a better.

While she tried to efface the spot by means of the end of her serviette dipped in a glass of water, he inopportunely renewed the attack. "I've a niece," he said to her confidentially across the table, "I've a niece who is a very bright little girl and nothing can touch her when it comes to a question of brains, though she is only a four year old. She's got a sister, smart child too, but younger, and not one, two, three, with the older one."

The person he had addressed sniffed and went on with her skirt cleaning operations. He was nothing downcast at her lack of responsiveness and went on gaily with his story. "I heard them playing one day just before I came away, and the older suggested to her sister that they take an imaginary trip to the big toy shop of the town. So they turned an arm-chair into a carriage and started. When they fancied they'd gone the right distance they got out of their improvised vehicle. 'And now,' said the big one to the little one, 'let's go and see the dolls, and let me see, shall we walk upstairs, or shall we take the imitator?'"

As the laugh died away the haughty one ceased her occupation, and fixing her pince-nez more firmly on her aristocratic nose, turned towards the captain and said in a tone of a disinterested seeker after knowledge: "And why, may I ask, should the child call a 'lift' an imitator?"

But the captain had fled to take—or possibly to make—an observation.

Mr. Archibald Williams in his book on the "Romances of Mining," devotes a chapter to Dawson City, "the Eldorado of the North." He refers to the remarkable changes which have come about in Dawson in the past few years. A writer in The World's Work, speaking of the improvements in 1903, referred to Dawson's system of waterworks, its telephone system with long-distance connections with the chief mines, its telegraphic communication with the rest of the world, its schools, its churches and municipal buildings. "Three years ago," he says, "the inhabitants of Dawson lived principally on dried and canned meats and German sliced evaporated potatoes. To-day fresh meat is brought in, frozen in winter, and in refrigerator cars to White Horse in summer, and all vegetables are grown in market gardens near by. Nothing pleases the Dawson citizen more than to entertain a skeptical visitor from the south at table with lettuce, asparagus, green peas, or celery, cauliflower, cabbage and carrots, according to the season, grown in his own rear yard." Mr. Williams refers to these and other extraordinary changes in this famous Canadian mining city.

President Roosevelt has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Geographical Society, of London. There are only nine honorary members of the society, and they include Emperor William, King Leopold, and King Oscar.



The Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Where the excursionists of the Canadian Press Association were entertained at luncheon on Saturday last. The Clifton Hotel is second to none in America, and is a suitable reply in a suitable place to the charge that Canadians are slow.

MR. DOOLEY ON FLYING MACHINES

By Finley Peter Dunne.

"THIS here paper says we'll be flyin' in fifty years," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Does it say flyin' or flyin'?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"Flyin'," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, maybe," said Mr. Dooley. "Maybe we will. But I doubt it. Man an' boy, I've heerd for sixty years that we'd be whirlin' through th' air on wings pretty soon. I've been ready th' best part iv th' cinchery to bid a last long farewell to thim two frinds iv mine that have stood under me in good an' evil report for so many years, an' carried me to me meals, an' upheld me, right or wrong, an' got me out iv much trouble—I mane, Hinnessy, me legs. But, be th' look iv things, I'll need thim fr a while yet."

"Yes, Sir, I've been r-readin' about flyin' machines fr a long time, an' seein' pitchers iv what they'd look like if they come. Ivry year some smart la-ad on wan iv th' pa-apers gives us a fine pitcher iv how Chicago will look in two thousand an' siven with th' men wearin' very high stovepipe hats an' knee breeches an' flyin' around in th' air an' above th' tall chimneys. It's a settled thing that we'll fly a hundred years hence, an' it always will be. 'Tis a fine thing to think about, an' mammy's th' same joke that has been cracked about it—flyin' passenger trains rushin' through th' air, with careless old gentlemen fallin' from thim; flyin' drunken min zig-zaggin' home with flyin' policemen chasin' thim. It's a fine subject fr jokes. Think iv yeerself flyin' to ye'er wurruk at th' rollin' mills at th' corner iv th' clouds, with ye'er dinner pail hung on wan wing, or maybe havin' a little pair iv wings itself, and flutherin' along beside ye. On ye'er way back ye may stop at a a-eeryal liquor store an' you an' me will poise together with extended wings till ye'er wife flies up to fetch ye home. Oh, 'twill be th' grand thing. Ivry day I pick up a pa-aper an' see something like this: 'A-eeryal naviagation solved. Professor Mudge iv Wash'nton has completed his flyin' machine an' to-morrow will fly across th' Potomac. Professor Mudge's idee is that if flyin' is accomplished th' machine must follow the laws iv nature. His sky-skimmin' device is modeled exactly on th' construction iv a bird, havin' wings forty feet across made iv iron wood, leather, brass, an' piano wires, an' run be a gasoline engine.' Th' next day I r-read: 'A vast concourse iv people gathered on th' Potomac yesterday to see Professor Mudge's flyin' machine accomplish its long an' well-advertised flight. Th' Professor havin' seated himself in th' interyory iv th' machine, at a given signal th' machine remained where it was. Amid derisive cries iv 'Git a hawk' fr'm small boys in th' crowd th' Professor announced that something had gone wrong with a sparkin' plug in his noble mechanical bird, an' he wud postpone th' ascension till th' next day.' Th' next day th' pa-aper says: 'Man can fly—Professor Mudge solves the problem iv a-eeryal naviagation—Not sceriously hurt—Professor Mudge yesterday give an astonishing exhibition iv th' wondrous iv mechanical science. In th' presence iv a great multichood he actually flew, thus provin' that mankind can be put on an equality with th' eagle, th' hawk, th' jacksnipe, an' other fowls iv th' air. At precisely tin o'clock he climbed into his place. There was a rush iv steam, th' furious explosion iv th' exhaust pipes, an' blunderin' flashes iv electricity fr'm th' batteries. Thim th' mighty wings flutherin', spread, an' flapped, an' th' product iv courageous man's victory over Nature soared tords th' empervum, soared as soars the cow, fr fully two feet an' thim dove into th' Potomac, fin'ly perchin' on top iv th' Pro-fessor. Professor Mudge was seen at his home, where he was found gittin' th' mud out iv his hair. He told th' rapporter that th' problem was solved, but he had made a mistake in modelin' th' monsther on th' lines iv an eagle entirely an' not payin' attention to th' humble but useful aquatic fowls. Anny future flyin' machine must be equipped with web feet. Th' flyin' machine iv th' future wud be a combination iv eagle an' duck.'

"In Paris, they tell me, it rains crazy Fr-rinchmen ivry day, an' doolin' in th' parks has become unsafe. Th' Fr-rinch have th' gr-eatest iv all flyin' machine men. He has annihilated more space with his inajynious device thim annywan iver written up in th' pa-apers. He as on'y prevented fr'm flyin' last week be his legs catchin' on a barb-wire fence. Th' week before while flyin' across th' English Channel wan iv th' men holdin' him up let go. But he was out again yesterday: 'Santos-Dumont has again successfully proved that man can fly at last again. Up to this time Santos has confined his flights to th' somewhat narrow and confined columns iv th' New York Herald. But yesterday he wint a long step further. Th' mechanical bird was mounted on four wheels an' driven be a large motor which ran it around an' around in th' park, while the great wings flapped an' th' invitor crowed within. Whin th' wheels were withdrawn, th' mighty machine flutherin' to th' ground an' Santos was extricated be th' Fire Department. Th' experiment successfully proves th' possibility iv a combination bicycle an' flyin' machine.'

"But people have flew," said Mr. Hennessy. "There's a couple of lads over in Ohio that were up fr half an hour."

"I know it," said Mr. Dooley. "But that's nawthin'. I knew another fellow that cud walk a block on his hands, an' another fellow that cud stand on his head fr five minnyits. But that don't prove that we will all soon be walkin' on our hands or standin' around on our heads. Th' on'y reason people want to fly is because they can't. 'Tis nachral fr us to want to do th' things th' Lord didn't intend us to do. Wan iv th' things 'tis plainest we weren't constructed fr is swoopin' through th' air above th' chimneys. An' seein' that th' earth seems to be attractive to our feet we want to fly. Th' idee iv Hiven that most iv us was brought up on put it up in th' sky with th' likes iv ye an' me some day floatin' ar-round on wings above th' clouds. Hogan has wrote a pome beginnin': 'Oh, that I were a bird.' 'If ye were,' said I, 'I'd take a coarse iv instruction in a shootin' gall'ry,' says I. We shoot birds whin they attempt to fly, which is th' on'y thing they do well. We never hurt thim whin they walk, which they do badly. A bird walkin' is a comical sight. It toes in and puts its foot down as if 'twas afraid it wud go through th' crust iv th' arth. Though thim that has seen thim do say th' ostrich has quite a manly stride. But there ye ar-again. Th' ostrich learned to walk an' forgot how to fly. If we larn how to fly we'll lose an' forget how to fly. They'll get smaller an' smaller, an' whin you an' me come down to take our meals in th' back yard, we'll hop around in a way that'll be perfectly ridiculous."

"No, Sir, ye can bet on it, there'll be no flyin' in this wurruud. An' who wants to fly? Not me. We can't be anny too close to what Hogan calls this old terra fr me. No, Sir, I want to feel it under me feet ivry moment iv th' day. Man was intended to sloch around in the mud, an' that's what he'll be doin' durin' our lifetime. I'll never believe a rale flyin' machine has been built till wan thing is rayported about it."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It must lay an egg," said Mr. Dooley. "Th' beginnin' iv flight is an egg. I'll not believe annything till I r-read in th' pa-apers: 'Yesterday mornin' at tin o'clock, amid th' luster crownin' iv all th' flyin' machines in th' garage, th' Santos-Dumont flyin' machine laid an egg.' Thim I'll know that th' day has arrived whin foolish man has got up as far in th' what Hogan calls th' animile kingdom as th' goose, th' pigeon, an' th' loon. But not till thim."

"I'd like to bet ye ye'll be flyin' a hundred years fr'm now," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I hope I will," said Mr. Dooley. "Annyhow I'm glad ye have such a good opinyon iv me."

"The Possible Periodical."

By IVAN L. WRIGHT.

OH, hist, my friend! hast heard the news
Of vast and grave import?
Our Learned Men to lit'rature
Will now give their support.

A magazine—a pond'rous tome!—
Of academic lore
Will soon be born of wisdom such
As ne'er was known before.

No more the charming storiette
Shall while away an hour.
No expose shall longer be
An entertaining power.

In vain we'll search the pages for
Some shafts of subtle wit;
Instead we'll find a Theologue
Discussing Holy Writ.

Our finite minds may then conceive
Those things till now obscure,
Explaining why Job's turkey was
So comfortless and poor.

No more shall reference be made
To plain, plebian fish.
A vertebrate oviparous
Is what the Learned wish.

These Literati shall discuss
In English pure and chaste,
Phenomena of psychic law
To suit patrician taste.

A Pindar saddling Pegasus
Full soon will take the place
Of "cuts" displaying how we won
The latest motor race.

On metaphysics there will be
A dissertation,
Elucidating causes why
We humans here exist.

Of course, there'll be no pedantry
Compiled within this book.
For things that happen on this earth
'Twill be no place to look.

No doubt the disembodyment of
Such knowledge will assist
All those who labour to be wise—
And in their task persist.

But, hist again while I impart
My firm belief in this:—
The reading folk will scorn this work,
Nor think their act amiss.

They'll hie themselves to some near store,
Expend five cents or ten
Upon a magazine that's not
Too far beyond their ken.

Thornhill, Feb., '07.

The Duchess of Roxburghe, who was Miss May Golet of New York, has taken up the prevalent craze to collect animals, and she is building a miniature Zoo at Floors Castle. In fact, the duchess, a masterful little lady, has everything she wants. They are telling this story in London. One of the duke's tenants wishing some concession, went to the castle and told his errand to an old retainer, adding that he would like to see the master in person. "Eh, mon," retorted the aged servant, who is not entirely reconciled to the new order of affairs, "there is only ae maister in this house thae time and that's no' the duke. Ye should see the duchess."

The Minister of Railways

His Toronto Speech and Some Observations Thereon

OF late the newspaper cartoonists have been practising to some extent upon the features of the Hon. Henry R. Emmerson, the Minister of Railways for Canada. But they have not yet become widely familiar to the people of Ontario, and it is probable that a large number of the members of the Toronto Canadian Club, before whom he gave an address last Monday, would not, had they previously met him in the street, have recognized in him the man who has the question of the "invasion of the Beaches" in the hollow of his hand, and before whom are now coming for consideration many bigger problems affecting transportation in the Dominion.

The Minister of Railways for Canada has need to be a big, strong man. Mr. Emmerson looks quite big and quite strong, physically. The casual observer, if asked for a description of the Minister of Railways, would be inclined to say that he is a grey man. Hair, eyes, face, and moustache seem to be of the same hue, and if he were to wear spectacles mounted in dull steel instead of gold the picture would be complete. This is not to say that he is pallid or worn-looking. Far from it. The thick, curling hair; the eyes, with their steady, impersonal glance; the healthy if unruddy face; the bristling, aggressive moustache, all bespeak for the man alertness and vigor. Mr. Emmerson would not look out of place at the desk of the general manager of a railway. He looks businesslike and as if he were fond of work. He wears a silk hat at Ottawa, but it must prove irksome. He is a practical man who one would judge is not given to dreaming dreams or of meditating upon subjects aesthetic or upon those matters which make up the embroidery of life. Neither is he given to humor, and above all he is—in speech at all events—a politician. He carries with him no stock of graceful post-prandial oratory. He spoke to the Canadian Club just as he would speak in debate in the House of Commons. His manner of utterance, vigorous and serious, has an unmistakable hall-mark. Should the least observant voter in the Dominion hear Mr. Emmerson's voice raised in argument, though it be to a cabby in old London or to a guide in ancient Egypt, he would know him to be a Canadian politician, as certainly as though he heard him defending the deficit of the Intercolonial Railway in the House of Commons at Ottawa. Every little trick of speech, such as the peculiar clipping given to certain words much favored in debate or much used upon the hustings, every class-mark of the politician, have fastened themselves upon him.

Mr. Emmerson's subject in addressing the Canadian Club of Toronto was "The Fulfillment of a Prophecy in Transportation." The prophecy in question was that made by Hon. Joseph Howe in 1851, in a notable speech made at Halifax, on the occasion when this Canadian patriot and statesman made his first great public appeal for the adoption of a railway policy of a national character. Mr. Emmerson read a considerable portion of this utterance of Howe's, which we now see to have been a prophecy indeed, and a most remarkable one. Mr. Howe had just returned much elated from England, having succeeded in the important mission of inducing the British Government to grant a loan of £7,000,000 for the purpose of connecting by railroad the Maritime Provinces with the St. Lawrence. Although his scheme also favored connection with Portland and the southern railway lines, it was first and foremost a British scheme, intended to bind together the then scattered cities and settlements of Canada. Mr. Howe spoke with fervor and conviction of the future of Canada. He prophesied the building of railroads that would connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, and ocean trade with the Orient beyond. He foretold the development of great provinces west of the Great Lakes which would outrank in importance those in the east.

Mr. Emmerson pointed out that this prophecy had been fulfilled, sooner than Joseph Howe could perhaps have hoped. He drew attention to the fact that the building of the Intercolonial Railway was an inevitable and essential factor of Confederation. It had, he held, been also the greatest factor in bringing about a realization of Joseph Howe's prophecy of Canada's greatness as a united and prosperous country under the British flag. Mr. Emmerson deprecated the fact that much abuse is heaped upon the Intercolonial, both in Parliament and in the country, and that it is constantly condemned as a deficit-creator. He held that it has been worth all the money it has cost, as a stimulator of both trade and national sentiment between the eastern provinces and the rest of the Dominion. The road has cost \$80,000,000. Why, he asked, is this expenditure condemned in view of the returns it has brought, when no murmur is heard against the expenditure of \$100,000,000 in canal systems, or the subsidizing of railways by the Government to the extent of \$125,000,000, not counting \$43,000,000 contributed by provinces and \$20,000,000 by municipalities? Mr. Emmerson also gave these figures in support of his contention that the Intercolonial is a great national asset, and that the deficits arising from the conduct of the road are not objectionable, because although it has never earned a surplus for the Government, it earns surplus indirectly for the people yearly.

Last year the total tolls of railways in Canada were \$125,000,000, of which only \$7,500,000 were collected by the Intercolonial. The balance went into the coffers of corporation roads. This, Mr. Emmerson noted, is a form of taxation, having relation to other imports. Customs duties in Canada are eight dollars per head, while the transportation tax is over twenty dollars per head; the former affecting few, the latter nearly all, commodities. Freight rates on all railways in the United States average 780 of a cent per ton per mile. The C.P.R. received 743, and the G.T.R. 1.02. This is an average of about 880. The rate of the Intercolonial is only 589. If the Intercolonial had last year received this average rate of 880, there would have been a surplus of \$2,300,000. On



HON. H. R. EMMERSON
Who addressed the Toronto
Canadian Club this week.

the railways of Australia the high rate of 3.43 cents per ton is earned, a remarkable contrast with the earning power of the Intercolonial.

Of course Mr. Emmerson must expect that while such figures would no doubt be contemplated with complacency by the people with whom he lives down by the sea, they are likely to arouse discussion in Ontario, and in fact anywhere in Canada outside the Maritime Provinces. A comparison of the freight rates of Australian railways with those of our Government-owned railway does not carry much significance to those who are impressed with the belief that the people of Canada are operating at a loss a railroad that does a carrying trade for a very small percentage of the population at rates that are the lowest in the world. Why, we are inclined to ask, are the rates of the Intercolonial the lowest in the world? It certainly strikes the average man as strange that while enormous Government subsidies are shoveled out to corporation-owned roads—and while these corporation roads are charging high rates and earning large dividends—our Government road is collecting extremely low rates and earning nothing but deficits. No Government has ever made a pretence of making the Intercolonial pay its way. Soon after the present Administration came into power, certain of its members and supporters were heard to make the statement that a new policy would be adopted for the road. It was said that the Intercolonial would be extended, given adequate terminals—that it would come in on the front street to do business, instead of dallying with alley trade. But the road, although extended, still stands as a reproach upon Government ownership.

Mr. Emmerson said that any of the great railways, he had no doubt, would gladly pay a hundred million dollars for the Intercolonial Railway. But it is certain that not one of them would purchase the Government road with the intention of operating it on the basis on which it is operated, or rather maintained, at present.

HAL.

Newfoundland Shipbuilding.

FROM the Trade Review Commercial Annual of St. John's, Newfoundland, which has just come to hand, containing much interesting matter about business progress in the Island colony, it is learned that there has been a gradual change in the class of vessels built for use in the Labrador fisheries. Small schooners only are being built. "The comparatively small size of the vessels is the result of the successful Labrador fishery the last few years; also does it betoken the drift in the direction of a man and his sons owning the whole outfit, and smaller crews and more twine. The shipped man has become too high-priced an article for the schooner owner, hence he gets a smaller craft and takes only his own boys or other near relations. The new plan has, on the whole, tended to more money for Labrador fishermen. The outfit is smaller for the merchant also, and the percentage of chances of loss is considerably lessened by having more and smaller schooners prosecuting the voyage. In looking through the list we find that there were 115 schooners built in Newfoundland last year at an aggregate bulk of 4,116 tons. Of these Trinity Bay heads the list with 44 vessels, measuring 1,501 tons; Notre Dame Bay comes next with 31 schooners aggregating 1,407; Bonavista is third thus, 14 schooners of 494 tons; Fortune district follows with 11 schooners of 343 tons. After Fortune comes Fogo, which hails for six schooners, measuring amongst them 155 tons; next in line is Ferryland, three schooners that only tot up 80 tons altogether; Placentia also built three small schooners last year, aggregating 79 tons; St. Barbe built two that only measured 33 tons between them, and Burin one of 24 tons."

The Ameer, or King of Afghanistan, as he is now styled, who is at present visiting India for the first time in his life, seems to be enjoying himself thoroughly, and has developed a pronounced taste for motoring and ballooning. The English Government has set aside \$1,000,000 to be spent in connection with his entertainment, and with his knowledge of English, his geniality, and his dignity of manner, he is creating an excellent impression; so much so that it is difficult to realize that he still retains most appalling methods of punishment, and that shortly before leaving Cabul for India he had several offenders buried alive, others blown from the mouths of cannon, others blinded, while some brigands were fastened to iron cages, slung aloft in the principal streets of Cabul, and left there to perish of hunger and thirst. The Ameer seems to have been especially struck by Lord Kitchener and to have developed a pronounced liking for him, inviting him to visit him at Cabul.

An estimate is made that Pullman car porters in America alone receive annually by way of tips no less a sum than \$2,000,000, a handsome sum of money, which really goes into the plethoric pockets of the company, which pays its employees salaries based on the probable amount of "pickings," says the Brantford Expositor. Everybody complains of the abuse, but there are few travellers indeed who have nerve to withhold the customary quarter.



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The Smith Family Gets Ready for Church

By Mack

WALKING along College street to church last Sunday morning, the Smith family presented a pleasant sight. In the lead walked Lucy and Tommy, aged four and six; next came Katie and Willie, aged eight and ten. In the rear followed Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the justly proud parents of the handsome little flock. All carried Bibles or hymn-books, and all were dressed with the utmost respect for the pious but not sombre occasion—a fine, healthy, well-kept family going to public worship. Some who met them looked back approvingly as they passed, evidently struck by the thought that it is such families, the happy possessors of such homes, on whom the hopes of society depend and the security of the State rests. Some who met them looked enviously on their air of peace and content. With some, cordial greetings were exchanged, with others smiling nods or nods only polite. How right and proper a thing it is that a family should go to church, thereby showing a fitting respect for religion, and, more than all, instilling into the children an early piety and a lifelong reverence for the Sabbath day.

Let us go back, however, an hour or so. The Smith family did not step out of handboxes into College street, and perfection is not attained without effort.

It is an hour ago. Father is reading and smoking. Willie also is reading. Katie and Lucy are in the garden gathering nasturtium seeds in a cup. Tommy is being got ready for church by Mrs. Smith. The door of the wash-room is closed, and apparently Tommy fears his mother means to disfigure him for life by scouring an ear off or blinding one or both eyes with soap. Now and then he shrieks in moments of more than ordinary peril, but the relentless mother is heedless of his implorings. He is going to church, and he is going to look respectable.

The door of the washroom opens, and the wife calls to the husband:

"Harry—Har-ry!"

"Yes, yes; what is it?"

"Will you go up to the front attic and bring down Tommy's striped blouse. This boy's a terror to get ready, and I'm just worried out. Now, don't do that, Tommy—you'll get your hair all mussed up again." The door shuts and Tommy, it seems, has half climbed out of the window to see what the girls are doing in the garden.

Mr. Smith has laid down his book and gone to the attic for the blouse, which he brings back and hands into the washroom.

"Is that the one you brought?" demands Mrs. Smith. "I might as well have gone myself in the first place." She starts to go, but Mr. Smith blocks the way.

"Here, now, don't fly off the handle. I'll go. That's a striped blouse, and you told me to get a striped one."

"He'd look nice in church with that old blouse on, wouldn't he? Couldn't you see that there's a big hole in the sleeve of it? Bring the blue striped one."

"Well, why couldn't you say so," mutters Mr. Smith discreetly to himself, and this time he returns with the desired garment.

"Now, put this on," says Mrs. Smith to Tommy. "Here, stand around—not that way! Put your arm through—your right arm. Don't pull it down—I'll fix it. There now—keep it like that. Now, do you suppose you can keep yourself clean until church time? Go and sit on that chair and don't budge until we're all ready."

Tommy sits there for fully three minutes, by which time mother has roused Willie from his book, and called Katie and Lucy from the garden.

"Harry!"

"Yes."

"What's the right time?"

"Seventeen minutes to ten."

"IT ISN'T! Seventeen to ten! Now, Katie, you hurry. We'll never get ready! Harry, can't you do anything to get these children ready and not leave me to do everything? I hate marching in late to church."

Mr. Smith bangs his book on the chair. "Well, what can I do?"

"Oh, something—anything!" says Mrs. Smith. "See if Willie's shoes need brushing—he's the worst boy for dirty shoes I ever saw in all my born days."

"He's no worse than any other boy," says Mr. Smith. "Great Scott! I'd rather never go to church than

This sketch was published originally in the Toronto Star and is reprinted in these columns by request of a number of readers. It will be followed in an early issue by "The Smith Family at Dinner."

pass through this tornado every Sunday morning."

"Nice talk before the children, I should say," comments Mrs. Smith, as well as she can with hairpins in her mouth.

"Well, I'm sick of it."

"You certainly don't seem to be well, taking me up short like that. Go and read your old book. If you can't help, don't keep me back. Why, Harry, you haven't shaved yet."

"I can shave in two minutes. I've been waiting to get a chance to get into the washroom. Can I have the quiet use of it now for three consecutive minutes?"

"Well, how's Willie? Come here, Willie, till I have a look at you."

"I'm all right, mother. I had a hot bath last night and a good wash this morning."

"Come here, I said. She looks him over without enthusiasm. "I guess you'll do. But go and get a new shoelace and put it in that right boot. No, it won't do as it is. You'll find one in that upper drawer—the far one! the far one!—don't rummage that way, the laces are in the far corner."

Willie escapes to his own room. Katie is dressing little Lucy. Father is shaving in the washroom, when the door opens.

"Keep out of here!" glares a man with a soaped face. The intruder is little Lucy.

"Please, Katie told me to come in here and wet the comb."

"Well, wet the comb and trot!"

"Don't bite the child's head off," advises Mrs. Smith, not sympathizing at all with the irritability of a man shaving with a razor badly out of condition.

With great self-control, Mr. Smith only slams the door in answer. He is soon ready for church, and, going into the hall in plain view of his wife, exasperatingly takes out his watch and consults the time.

"Now, don't be looking at your watch—I'm hurrying all I can," she exclaims. "Where are those two boys? Get them together and keep them out of mischief."

"They're all right. Don't get us all in a panic. Where'll I get a handkerchief? Thanks. I've known where the hymn-books are? Never mind, I'll look. Here's one. Willie! Wil-lie!! Come here when I call you. Do you know where the hymn-books are? Of course you don't. You don't know where anything is but the dinner table and the apple barrel. Well, find the hymn-books. You needn't look behind the pictures on the wall. You find those hymn-books or— Tommy, didn't your mother tell you to sit on that chair? Sit there, then! You know where the hymn-books are? Well, go and get them—go and get them. Don't have us ransacking the house from cellar to garret and you knowing where they are all the time. There's got to be some changes in this house—a little more discipline and more attention paid to parental authority. I'm going to see that there is, too."

He says this to the air, but for the benefit of Mrs. Smith, as he passes through her room and looks out of the window. He mentions that everybody is on the way to church.

"Not everybody," says Mrs. Smith, sweetly, as she pins on a hat guaranteed to shut out from a view of the pulpit all who sit anywhere in line behind her. "Not everybody, Harry, for we are not on our way yet."

This is the last straw. He turns on his heel and strides out of the room.

"A nice spirit in which to go to church, I must say," remarks Mrs. Smith. "If you had all these children to get ready you might talk!"

When all are gathered in the hall downstairs Mrs. Smith, as she pulls on her gloves, holds a final review.

"Look at that boy's hair after me combing it so carefully. Willie, did you brush your teeth—go at once, and hurry! hurry! Lucy, who tied the string of your slippers? Katie did—well, Katie never seems to learn how to be neat. Here, I'll tie it. Have you got all the hymn-books? What's keeping that boy? Willie, come on! Harry, you call him."

Mr. Smith desires to express his disapproval of many things by not speaking to Willie or anybody else. Next moment he makes a threatening stride towards the stairs, but Willie comes tearing down. They are about to leave the door.

"Have you got collection?" asks Mrs. Smith.

Mr. Smith turns impatiently and goes upstairs to find not his wallet, but his purse. Mrs. Smith by now is in excellent humor. How a man can keep up a temper is more than she can understand, and, above all things, on his way to church. But Mr. Smith walks along in silence. People would say of him that he was a grave and dignified man. He softens gradually under the influence of the day and the greetings of his acquaintances. His family walking with him, polished, finished and admired, is pleasing to his eye. They walk along College. They turn in

with a stream of people to the church, and pass through the great doors.

Antiques.

What is to be will be: if true Or false this is none ever knew.

What has been will be, this we know;
Old as the earth are joy and woe.

Each life repeateth line by line
An ancient, intricate design;

Its lightest smile, its tear and sigh
Were wrought in æons long gone by.

When love and joy and anguish come,
As something new they strike as dumb.

Though as a part of the great plan
Are all not older far than man?

Can clay evade the power that binds
It to the potter's wheel, and grinds

From the same stuff a vessel base
Or sculptured urn or storied vase?

When the great weaver's shuttle flies
Can crossing threads and mingling dyes

Say, "I will keep unto my own;
My hue and the fabric stand alone?"
Ada Foster Murray.

An Irish contractor in San Francisco sent to Ireland for his father to join him. The journey was a great event to the old man, who had lived in rural districts all his life, and he reached San Francisco much excited.

After several days of sight-seeing, his son resumed his business, and suggested that his father should visit the Presidio.

"And phwat's the Presidio?" asked the old man.

"The Presidio, father, is the Government reservation for the soldiers, a fine bit of a park, and you'll enjoy yourself."

At the end of a strenuous day the old man stood gazing at the big buildings, comparing them with the small huts of his old home. Seeing a soldier near, he tapped him on the shoulder.

"Me bye, phwat's that string of houses forinst us?"

"Why, those are the officers' quarters."

"And that wan with the big smoke-stack?"

"That's the cook shanty."

"Shanty, is it? Well, 'tis a great country! 'Tis palaces they're using."

The young man offered to show him the gymnasium. On the way, the sundown gun was discharged just as they passed. The old man, much startled, caught his companion's arm.

"Phwat's that, now?"

"Sundown," replied his friend, smiling.

"Sundown, is it? Think of that, now! Don't the sun go down with a terrible bump in this country!"

William Allen White is one of the best known, ablest, and most worldly-wise newspaper editors in the United States. But he prefers to live in Emporia, a small city in Kansas, where he edits a paper called The Gazette. He also contributes many interesting articles to the magazines, and has written one or two excellent books. He delights in poking satirical fun at the tendency of people to worship those things which are the embroidery, not the essentials, of life. In the American Magazine he says:

Americus, with a population of 500, lies ten miles northwest of Emporia. When an Emporia man goes to Americus for a day he does not put on his good clothes.

He has seen Americus men dressed up in Emporia, shopping and attending the county conventions, and he is astonished to find these men whom he has known dressed up for years stubbing around in their old clothes.

But when the Emporia man goes to Kansas City he puts on what he calls his trotting harness, and there he meets Kansas City men in their everyday clothes.

Kansas City men dress up to go to Chicago and Chicago men put on their fine raiment to go to New York, but on the streets of New York the men who naturally are wearing their everyday clothes seem so faultlessly dressed to us Westerners, who appear to have slept in our everyday clothes that we gasp as we wonder how the New Yorkers must look when they go to London.

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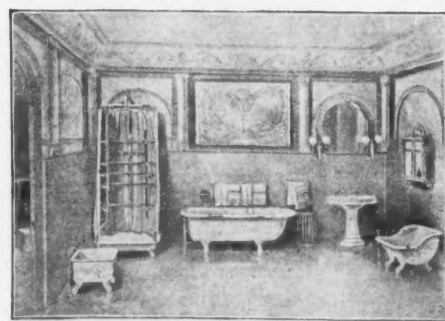
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Irish World's Fair.

The International Exposition, Dublin, is an additional attraction to trans-Atlantic travel during 1907. Arrangements will be made in connection with Dr. Withrow's personally conducted tours to and through Europe, to visit also the international expositions at both Venice and Dublin. For programme, write Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

Knicker—Is he a victim of alcohol? Bocker—Yes his wife has the chafing dish habit.—New York Sun.

THE VENUS OF MILO

By Ivan L. Wright

I DREAMED a dream a night ago
In which there was revealed
A secret, that for ages from
The world had been concealed.

I stood within a chamber large,
Ill-lit and dim with dust,
That told a tale of sore neglect
And Time's corroding rust.

About the walls—a paradox—
The dead that never die
Kept silent watch across the years
With never-seeing eye.

A figure here, a figure there,
Of some one gone before;
A statuette, a score of busts
Of those who were no more.

Those faces, carved in cold, mute
stone,
All seemed to look one way.
I moved a pace, then moved again
Until I saw as they.

My eye beheld a something draped
In strange and sombre black.
I made as though to lift the mask,
But prudence held me back.

A moment more, a sound I heard,
And I was not alone.
An old man, bent and grey, came in,
Whose life had feeble grown.

At once unto the thing he went
O'er which the cloak was thrown;
Uncovered it, and then I saw
A huge, white block of stone.

For days he toiled unceasingly
At that great shapeless mass,
Until, at length, beneath his stroke,
A marvel came to pass.

A woman, born of genius great,
Replaced the formless block.
The sculptured lines of perfect grace
Transformed the lifeless rock.

The master hand of him who carved
Had mirrored in the face
The beauty, truth and purity
Of all the human race.

A work this was that spoke, indeed,
Of touch most all divine,
Whose chiseled form made mute ap-
peal
For all that was sublime.

In ecstasy of hope fulfilled
The sculptor bowed his head.
"Oh, God!" he cried, "make quick
with life
This marble cold and dead."

And then before the cast he stood
In reverential awe,
In hope that God would break for
him
The holy, sacred law.

Expectantly, he waited there,
But God gave him no sign.
Half mad with fear, he cried aloud
"I scorn Thy power divine!"

"Without Thy aid, unto this stone
I grant the gift of speech.
No more for help to do this thing
Shall I of Thee beseech!"

He calmed himself, then knelt before
The daughter of his brain.
"Oh, speak, my child! Oh, speak!"
he cried.

"Let not my plea be vain.
"Become incarnate! Speak, I beg!
Just one word—only one!
Why not? Yes! Yes! Oh, God, you
must!
Or else I am undone!"

Half crazed with disappointment, he
Up-snatched a near-by tool,
And struck a hand, and shattered it.
Then cried: "Now speak, you fool!"

And, lo! the lips, in sweetest smile,
Appeared as though they would.
With frenzied strength, the sculptor
smote
Once more before they could.

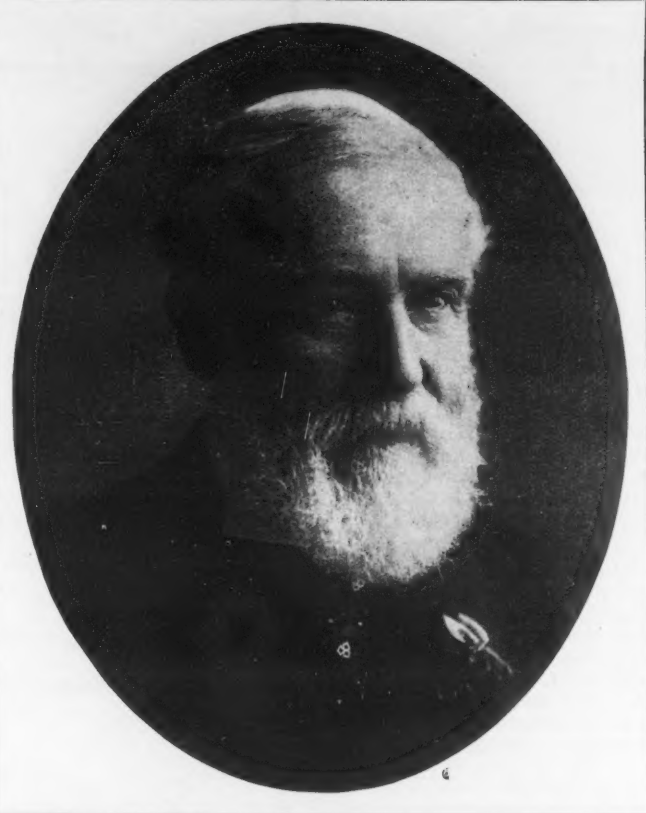
A dozen times the mallet struck!
Again that wild demand
To "Speak!" as mad, fierce blows
destroyed
A finger, arm or hand.

"You thing of stone! You goddess
mute!
I bid you, hear my cry!
Give heed unto my life's desire!
Obey, or else I die!"

A marble foot lay broken near
A finger and a thumb.
But still the statue stood unmoved,
A thing forever dumb.

The madman raised his tool to strike
The figure in the face.
But Death reached down, at God's
command,
And stayed that sad disgrace.

I longed to touch those lips that
smiled—
That smiled, but never spoke.



Mr. John Anderson, of Arthur, Registrar for North Wellington

Perhaps the oldest Registrar in Ontario—the longest in office—is Registrar Anderson of North Wellington. He was appointed by the Sandfield Macdonald Government when Wellington County was divided for registration purposes in 1871. He has served under six Premiers—Sandfield Macdonald, Blake, Mowat, Hardy, Ross and Whitney. Appointed by a Conservative administration he retained office during thirty-odd years of Liberal rule until the Conservatives returned to power, and is still hale, hearty and highly esteemed.



The Registry Office at Arthur, Ont.,

Where Mr. John Anderson has acted as Registrar for 36 years under the rule of six Premiers of Ontario.

I raised my hand, but nothing found.
And, wondering, I awoke.

Usurp, not even in your thoughts,
The power of God on high.
The infinite is not for us—
At least until we die.
Thornhill, February, 1907.

Funny world isn't it? The Neepawa Register thinks so and gives its reasons.

A citizen ordered the milkman to leave milk at his house every morning, paying 35c. down for a week's supply; after the week was up the milkman still supplied his customer, leaving a quart on his door-step every morning, which the customer took inside and used.

At the end of the year the milkman presented his bill for 51 weeks; the customer refused to pay it saying that the milkman should have stopped delivering when the payment ended.

The milkman sued the customer and got judgment and costs, and people said that customer was a mean and dishonest man and that the milkman did right.

Another citizen did this with the baker, and people said he was not much better than a thief, if any better.

Another did it with the local paper and when the editor sued him people said it was the editor who was a mean man.

Funny world, isn't it?

When the teacher called the class for geography she noticed that Eben Wilkins, her dullest pupil, wore a particularly cheerful smile.

"You look as if you knew your lesson to-day," she said encouragingly.

"Yes'm, I do," he answered briskly. "The answer to the first question is 'North,' and the next is 'Alaska,' and the next is 'United States,' and the next is—"

"But that is not the way to learn your lesson, Eben," and the teacher struggled for a properly severe expression. "You must skip about. That is what I shall do in asking the questions."

Eben looked as if the joy of living had departed once for all.

"But supposing I didn't skip about just the way you do," he said, plaintively, "then I'd be all mixed up."



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Dear Lady Disdain.—It is an independent and capable study, averse to influence and rather deaf to appeals to the emotions. June 16 brings you under Gemini, the Twins, an air sign, and sometimes hard to bring into harmonious action. The minds of Castor and Pollux, working together ensure great results, but when out of harmony do not achieve much. You are not a close reasoner, nor fond of involved argument, or any lengthy process of reasoning. Your mind sometimes works very rapidly to conclusions, you are controlled and systematic, having probably good business ability. Some buoyancy and ambition, good grasp of affairs, and general intelligence are shown. It could never be an idle or stupid nature.

Phyllis.—Is the enclosure you sent original matter? Your short note of three lines shows character enough for a study, without it. Concentration, emphatic ideas, quick perception, individuality, care for detail, some finesse, ambition, very little personal vanity or self-consciousness, plenty of feelings, capacity for warm affection, and an idealistic rather than matter-of-fact disposition are shown. It is a clever hand Phyllis without that enterprise and push which gains success.

Mansfield.—Many good wishes in return! March 21 brings you on the turning point between Pisces, the fishes, a water sign, and Aries, the ram, a fire sign. Fire and water generate steam, a great power. It is neither lucky nor unlucky to be born

on a Friday. Those results depend entirely upon the way one lives and develops. Your beautiful writing shows much of the sentiment and feeling of Pisces, whose deep hidden love nature is so generous and charming when understood. You are even tempered, persistent, long-headed and adaptable, love beauty, harmony and likewise your fellows, though you don't trust them overmuch. You should excel in detail, and any work requiring reliable, faithful, careful and complete control. You have excellent judgment and lucid expression. I don't think the "dominant touch" has ever "tagged" you. Caution, discretion, honesty and a winning grace of thought are suggested. You are a very practical thinker, but not a commanding one. It would improve your character if you expanded your interests and actions. Broaden out generally.

Jeanette.—April 25 brings you under Taurus, a sign not often noted for fine musicians, but here and there producing a real artist. Taurus folk are of the earth, earthy, materialistic. Success to you little girl, with your examination, but won't you please wait a bit for your delineation? Your writing is so plainly in a state of formation. You have much originality and some very promising traits.

Emma Reynolds.—Mutilated letters, enclosed to this column, are not delineated. Judging from the writing submitted, the subject would probably resent the whole thing very warmly, if informed.

M. G.—Surely it's an interesting pair of dates. I had the same, only the 10th instead of the 20th of those two months. And let me tell you that the date is second to the state of development. If you are evenly progressing you will accord forever. If either makes a spurt or falls behind, the chord of harmony will take on unforeseen flats or sharps. The sun leaves Pisces (March) on the 21st, so that one born on the 20th would not be a full Pisces, but might develop Aries traits. That makes a fine combination. Her month will lead her to dominate, though her nearness to Libra (October) influences may counteract that unhappy virgo trait. Your writing suggests large possibilities. So many of the notable Pisces men write peculiarly striking hands. You have not the sequence of thought and argumentative turn, but a gracious mode of expression, and probably wield a good deal more influence in your own way than is supposed. Methodical, frank, generous and thoughtful, it looks as if Pisces and Aries had made a good job of you.

Patience.—It was too late for the first study, but your little note and envelope seem sufficient. If you asked any particular question I've forgotten it. Your writing shows refinement, impulse, tenacity, keen judgment and some nervous tendency. You are practical, modest, rather fond of the good things of life and proud of certain conditions, it may be birth, attainments or superior culture. Your tone of mind is eminently conservative.

Evangeline.—I cannot delineate studies in pencil. You did not bother me at all. It's all in the day's work.

Lassie.—Strong love of power, and the dominant touch, some prejudice, aversion to change, long thoughts and cumulative purpose, tenacity. The writing seems immature and no special talent is indicated by its lines.

Enquirer.—Dec. 7 brings you under Sagittarius, a fire sign. Your writing indicates susceptibility, want of caution, and a general lack of purpose, and although pleasing is weak.

"I never hear an unkind word from my husband!"

"Oh, is he so thoughtful?"
"No, he's so thoughtless."—Translated from Fliegende Blätter.

Guides Children

Experience and a Mother's Love Make Advice Valuable.

An Ills. mother writes about feeding children:

"If mothers would use Grape-Nuts more for their little ones, there would be less need for medicines and fewer doctor bills.

"If those suffering from indigestion and stomach troubles would live on Grape-Nuts, trouble and good milk for a short period they would experience more than they otherwise would believe.

"Our children have all learned to know the benefit of Grape-Nuts as an appetizing, strengthening food. It is every evening, with few variations, like this: 'Mamma, let's have toast and Grape-Nuts for breakfast; or let's have eggs and Grape-Nuts'—never forgetting the latter.

"One of our boys in school and 15 years of age repeatedly tells me his mind is so much brighter and in every way he feels so much better after having Grape-Nuts as part if not all his breakfast." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."



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This society also have on view a number of water color and pen and ink sketches of rooms that have been recently completed by them.

These give you an intelligent idea of how to decorate and get the best results.

It also does away with experimenting.

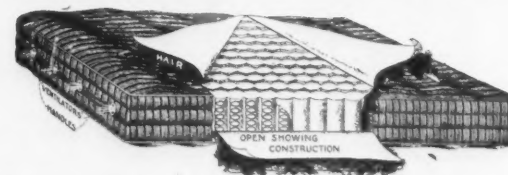
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THE ONLY VENTILATED MATTRESS
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261 KING ST. WEST.

A traveller was passing through the mountains of North Georgia, and as night approached he sought shelter at the cabin of a native, says a story-teller in Lippincott's. He was made heartily welcome. When supper had been prepared, the larger of the two rooms of the cabin began to fill with children—the traveller estimated that there were at least twenty of them. They were denied participation in the chicken, but were provided with cornbread with which to "sop" the grease in which it had been fried.

"You have a very fine family," he said to his hostess. "They are all yours?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "an' thar's three mo'—I s'ont 'em over ter Miss Polly's fer er jug of buttermilk this mornin'.

"They ain't had much chance fer travel, an' I want 'em ter git a good eddication."

It developed that "Miss Polly's" was the home of a well-to-do woman who lived in "the big house," located some twelve miles away. Presently the three "travellers" returned, and were at once deluged with questions.

"Did she let yo' all eat in the dinin'-room?" the mother inquired.

"Sho' she did!" the eldest replied, patting his belt in recollection.

"Have anything yo' all didn't know what 'twas?"

"Wall," the boy said doubtfully, "they done had something they called 'grave-eye,' but it looked like sop, an' hit taste like sop, an' I believe in my soul 'twas sop!"

Some exclusive London clubs purvey ginger ale that vies in delicate crispness with York Springs Dry Ginger Ale, but does not equal it in purity nor excel it in flavor, pungency and aroma. Try it with Rye or Scotch, or straight, or with a dash of lemon juice—simply fine! Your club, favorite bar or merchant can procure it for you. Demand it by name.

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Dry Ginger Ale
is better—yet costs no more.

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WEEK BEGINNING FEB'Y 18th
MONDAY
Wednesday—MATINEES—Saturday
Evenings at 8.15 Matinees at 2.15

Klaw & Erlanger Present the Eminent English Actor

Mr. Forbes Robertson

and the Charming Actress

Miss Gertrude Elliott

and their London Company.

The Comedy Delight of the Season

George Bernard Shaw's Humorous

CAESAR and CLEOPATRA

Direct and intact from a long and successful run at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Wednesday—MATINEES—Saturday

TORONTO'S FAVORITE COMEDIAN

Charley Grapewin

(The Original Mr. Pipp)

IN HIS BEST MUSICAL OFFERING

The Awakening of Mr. Pipp

40—Supporting Company—40

Headed by the charming comedienne

ANNA CHANCE

SEATS NOW ON SALE

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Matinees Daily 25c Week of Feb. 18 Evenings 25 & 50

It Makes Dimples Enough to Catch the Tears.

Edward Connelly & Co.

In "MARSE COVINGTON,"

A one-act play by George Ade.

FRED BAILEY & RALPH AUSTIN

Two American Beauties.

ELMER TENLEY,

"The Manhattan Man."

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Vaudeville's Cleverest Dancers.

THE THREE ROSES,

In Their Dainty Musical Creation.

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The Dainty Comedienne.

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No resort in America attracts like Atlantic City, and Lent is its most charming season.

Through trains to Philadelphia leave Buffalo at 9.00 a.m. and 9.00 p.m., with parlor cars and cafe car on the Day Express and sleeping cars on the Night Express. The Night Express makes direct connection in Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, for Atlantic City via the Delaware River Bridge. All-rail route. For full information address B. P. Fraser, P.A.B.D., 307 Main street, Buffalo.

"Now, Johnny," asked the teacher, "what do we see in the country besides grass, trees and flowers?"

"Patent medicine signs!" was the prompt reply. — Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE DRAMA



Gertrude Elliott

Who appears as Cleopatra in the presentation of "Caesar and Cleopatra" at the Princess Theatre during the coming week.

THE coming engagement of Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott at the Princess Theatre, opening Monday night, will doubtless prove one of the most interesting of the season's attractions. The whole week with two matinees, is to be devoted entirely to George Bernard Shaw's satirical comedy of "Caesar and Cleopatra," which comes direct and intact from a most successful run at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York.

Mr. Shaw originally wrote the play for Mr. Robertson and its first public version bears the date of 1899, when, with other plays, it appeared under the book title of "Three Plays for Puritans." There has been considerable comment as to why Mr. Robertson has not previously produced "Caesar and Cleopatra," but as a matter of fact so inadequate are the stages of London theatres that there are possibly only two big enough to accommodate this pretentious setting. Last year Mr. Marc Klaw, of the firm of Klaw & Erlanger, arranged with Mr. Robertson for an American tour and "Caesar and Cleopatra" was first produced in English on any stage at the New Amsterdam Theatre. It met with almost instantaneous success and is easily one of the most amusing comedies from the pen of Mr. Shaw, whose daring wit and daring treatment of theme have won for him so much publicity.

He has taken for the period of his play the invasion of Egypt by Caesar, after he had defeated Pompey at Pharsalia, and whom he was pursuing in the hope of encompassing his utter annihilation. Cleopatra was then sixteen years of age and Caesar was in his early fifties. The Queen had been driven to Syria by her brother Ptolemy and his supporters, who had seized her throne in Alexandria. The first act opens in the palace of the Queen when the news of the approaching Romans is first brought to her household and it is developed that she has fled in terror lest she be devoured by the conqueror and his victorious legions. The second scene of the act shows the desert at night with one of the smaller Sphinxes in the foreground. Cleopatra, who had gone to this, her favorite Sphinx for protection and consolation, is curled up in its paws, fast asleep, when Caesar arrives. The Roman warrior and conqueror, whose life has been dedicated to the glorification of his empire is worn and weary, filled with a sense of futility that after a lifetime of battles he cannot bring about a condition of peace and a higher civilization. He enters upon his eloquent apostrophe to the Sphinx in which he unloads all of his tribulation. Cleopatra is awakened and in a moment you get the substance of her ingenious, girlish, naive character as the author has written her, and as Miss Elliott plays her. She beckons to Caesar and says:

"Come up, old gentleman. Old gentleman, come quickly up here or the Romans will eat you. Are you afraid, and do you want to run away? Come up here, it is very cosy and I am very lonely, and I will let you sit on its other paw."

This astonishes Caesar but he complies with her request and the scene which follows, both sitting on the

paws of her Sphinx, and later when they go to her palace, is an excellent piece of sparkling comedy. She tells Caesar of the terrible danger of the Roman invasion and describes her idea of these cruel soldiers in this wise:

"Oh, they would eat us if they caught us. They are barbarians. Their chief is Julius Caesar. His father was a tiger and his mother a bursting mountain, and his nose is like an elephant's trunk (Caesar involuntarily rubs his nose). They all have long noses and ivory tusks and little tails and seven arms with a hundred arrows in each. They live on human flesh."

The final discovery of her friend's identity and the gentle manner in which the great general slowly brings the girl out of her cloud of superstition into the first glimpse of womanhood is done with exquisite art.

The third act as published is omitted in the acting version in order that the play may be brought within the practicable time limit. Mr. Shaw blandly remarks that this is a matter of no consequence as the act is purely epical.

Mr. Robertson's London company is supported by many American players and the production is lavish.

On page 17 of this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT will be found an illustrated special article on "Caesar and Cleopatra," in which the merits of the play, the question of its historical accuracy, etc., are discussed.

Charley Grapewin who comes to the Grand next week, is a character comedian who is said to shine with brilliance and his work in the name part of the new play, "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp," it is claimed, compares not unfavorably with Mr. Mansfield's Baron Chevalier, Jefferson's Rip Van



Charlie Grapewin

Who will be seen in the musical offering, "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp," at the Grand next week.

Winkle, or Denman Thompson's Uncle Josh. A big feature of the production is said to be the especially selected society girls, all of whom will wear gowns of the latest fashions and of stunning patterns, a number of them imported. "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp" is in three acts and five scenes—all of which are carried by the company—and was written by

George Totten Smith and Mr. Grape-win. It is said to abound in numerous laugh-provoking situations and climaxes running through a story of lively interest from beginning to end. The supporting company will be good and includes a number of prominent players, Miss Anna Chance, a demure ingenue, is leading lady of Mr. Grape-win's Company, and will enact the role of Mrs. Pipp, a part in which she has scored success in other cities, and for which she has been warmly commended. During the engagement matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

For the week of February 18th, the bill at Shea's will be headed by E. J. Connelly & Company, in George Ade's playlet, "Marse Covington." Others who will be seen are Guyer and Crispi, Bailey-Austin Company, Bernais Mannikins, Elmer Tenley, Reiff Brothers and the Three Roses.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," as presented at the Princess this week by Annie Russell and her company, with Miss Russell herself as Puck, is a truly delightful performance. Every resource of modern stagecraft has been employed to introduce a fairy-land atmosphere, and the result is charming and satisfying, even to the most blasé theatregoer. Miss Russell, as the frolicsome, mischievous, sprightly Puck, leaves nothing to be desired in daintiness or grace or light-some abandon. By an admirable mechanical device she flies upon the stage, not with the stiffness of a suspended comic opera fairy, but with quite excellent effect. Her unique flight is not more skilfully managed than are the stage settings, the electrical effects and all the contrivances through which the illusion and charm of the play are introduced and maintained.

John Bunny, a sterling actor of excellent attainments in comedy, is very amusing as Nick Bottom, and is well supported in his burlesque play before the Duke Theseus, by Thomas Coffin Cooke as Quince, W. H. Gilmore as Snug and the other tradesmen who would be actors.

The role of Hermia is taken by Miss Catherine Proctor, the Toronto girl who has made such excellent progress in her stage art in the past year or two. She is a versatile actress, and is full of enthusiasm for her work. Her interpretation of the role of the Greek maiden, who is loving when loved, but a termagant when scorned, is a somewhat new one, and meets with appreciation and much approval. Miss Lansing Rowan, as Helena, is also admirable.

The entire cast is capable and well balanced. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as presented by Miss Russell and her company, is one of the most thoroughly enjoyable theatrical offerings which we are likely to be favored with this season.

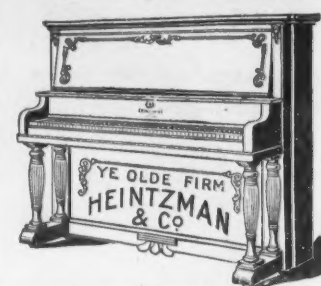
Williams and Walker, the noted colored comedians, are giving an excellent presentation of a well-constructed, fun-producing play, "Abyssinia," at the Grand this week, and are being greeted by large audiences. Rastus Johnson (George W. Walker) wins \$15,000 in the Louisiana lottery, and at once starts off, accompanied by Jasmine Jenkins (Bert Williams) and several other Kansas friends, whom he proposes to take on a trip around the world. They go to Paris and Abyssinia, and fall into all sorts of funny situations.

At Shea's this week the Spook Minstrels are the principal attraction. Edwards, the English ventriloquist, is amusing. There is also some good eccentric dancing and gymnastic work. The bill on the whole is very good.

The largest painted drop curtain in the world is now being painted at the New York Hippodrome by Arthur Voegtlin, the scenic artist of this big playhouse. This curtain is a circular one, designed to take the place of the red oval curtain which hangs in front of the arena. It measures 166 feet long and is 40 feet high, and Mr. Voegtlin and his assistants have been obliged to paint over 7,000 square feet of surface. The design of the curtain is an imitation of old tapestry and is entitled, "A Roman Garden." It is painted on heavy Russian linen and is lined throughout with felt. It weighs approximately one ton. Owing to the extreme length of the curtain, extending entirely around the Hippodrome stage, it has been divided in sections, showing various scenes from a Roman garden.

Elsie Janis, the clever little actress who made herself famous as an imitator of well-known stage people, will appear at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, in "The Vanderbilt Cup," during the week following the Robertson-Elliott engagement. This play satirizes the Martha Washington Hotel in New York, the hostelry at which only women are allowed to register. Elsie Janis delights the chief clerk and shocks the other guests by turning a cartwheel in the office. Miss Janis

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THE WILLIAMS SONS CO. LIMITED.
143 YONGE ST. - TORONTO.

is only seventeen years old, and her rise from a doubtful production in vaudeville to the head of one of the biggest organizations on the road has been somewhat phenomenal. Miss Janis earned her position by hard work and the earnest cultivation of such talents as nature has endowed her with.

Content.

"The world is so bright and good,"
Said the sparrow,
"That if it weren't for the bother of food

I'd be as happy as that man down there
At the bottom of the air—
That man with the barrow."

Foine roipe Strawbeeds!... comes from Dan,
The coster with the barrow.
"What a splendid plan,
To shove your food about like that!

One could laugh and grow fat
If only one were a man,"
Thought the sparrow.

And Dan, glancing up, thought
In his hungry heart,....
"Would to 'Evin I was a bloomin' sparrer—
Then I'd chuck this weary lot
An' do nart.

But sit an' laugh an' watch the silly cove as bough
My bloomin' barrow."

—William Sharp.

Certain people who stand very high in the estimate of royalty are strangely little written about. Such an one is Lady Mount Stephen, who recently entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales at Bocket Hall. The second wife of the famous Canadian statesman-millionaire owes the great friendship with which our future queen honors her to the fact that, as Miss Gian Tufnell, she was lady-in-waiting and favorite companion of the late Duchess of Teck, and there are many most touching references to "Gian" in the diaries and letters written by genial Princess Mary during the last months of her well-spent life. The daughter of a distinguished naval officer, Miss Gian Tufnell possessed all the qualifications needed by a post in a royal household. She was musical, tactful, an excellent letter-writer and unfailingly cheerful; and undoubtedly her presence helped to render happier the closing days of

her royal mistress' life. At the time of the Duchess' death Miss Tufnell was already engaged to Lord Mount Stephen, and the marriage took place very quietly soon after, in the same autumn. The high regard with which she was, and is, regarded, not only by the Princess of Wales, but by the latter's brothers, was significantly shown when Prince Alexander and his bride, Princess Alice of Albany, spent their honeymoon at Bocket Hall.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your valuable medicine."
"It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased.

"It helped me wonderfully."
"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"

"Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Andrew Carnegie tells the following to illustrate that a Celt is a Celt in Scotland as well as in Ireland:

In a sermon preached in a small church in Glasgow, the pastor, after inveighing against slothfulness, said, by way of climax:

"Do you think that Adam and Eve went about the Garden of Eden with their hands in their pockets?"

"Young Jolliem always says the right thing, doesn't he? He never seems at loss for the proper reply?"

"Well, I saw him nonplussed once."
"How was that?"

"Miss Keene asked him if he thought she looked as old as she was."—Cleveland Leader.

"We must have been travelling very fast," wrote the lady traveller, "for in the morning all the people were swearing at us in German, and early in the afternoon they began to swear at us in Italian."—Translated from Simplicissimus.

The Widow—I want a man to do odd jobs about the house, run on errands; one that never answers back and is always ready to do my bidding.

Applicant—You're looking for a husband, ma'am.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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My bloomin' barrow."

—William Sharp.

Certain people who stand very high in the estimate of royalty are strangely little written about. Such an one is Lady Mount Stephen, who recently entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales at Bocket Hall. The second wife of the famous Canadian statesman-millionaire owes the great friendship with which our future queen honors her to the fact that, as Miss Gian Tufnell, she was lady-in-waiting and favorite companion of the late Duchess of Teck, and there are many most touching references to "Gian" in the diaries and letters written by genial Princess Mary during the last months of her well-spent life. The daughter of a distinguished naval officer, Miss Gian Tufnell possessed all the qualifications needed by a post in a royal household. She was musical, tactful, an excellent letter-writer and unfailingly cheerful; and undoubtedly her presence helped to render happier the closing days of

her royal mistress' life. At the time of the Duchess' death Miss Tufnell was already engaged to Lord Mount Stephen, and the marriage took place very quietly soon after, in the same autumn. The high regard with which she was, and is, regarded, not only by the Princess of Wales, but by the latter's brothers, was significantly shown when Prince Alexander and his bride, Princess Alice of Albany, spent their honeymoon at Bocket Hall.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your valuable medicine."
"It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased.

"It helped me wonderfully."
"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"

"Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Andrew Carnegie tells the following to illustrate that a Celt is a Celt in Scotland as well as in Ireland:

In a sermon preached in a small church in Glasgow, the pastor, after inveighing against slothfulness, said, by way of climax:

"Do you think that Adam and Eve went about the Garden of Eden with their hands in their pockets?"

"Young Jolliem always says the right thing, doesn't he? He never seems at loss for the proper reply?"

"Well, I saw him nonplussed once."
"How was that?"

"Miss Keene asked him if he thought she looked as old as she was."—Cleveland Leader.

"We must have been travelling very fast," wrote the lady traveller, "for in the morning all the people were swearing at us in German, and early in the afternoon they began to swear at us in Italian."—Translated from Simplicissimus.

The Widow—I want a man to do odd jobs about the house, run on errands; one that never answers back and is always ready to do my bidding.

Applicant—You're looking for a husband, ma'am.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Irate Father (to son)—It's astonishing, George, how much money you need!

Son—I don't need any, father, it's the other people who need it.—Translated from Fliegende Blätter.

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THE work of the greatest magnitude, of the greatest pretensions, and of the greatest difficulty produced at the Mendelssohn Choir festival was Beethoven's Ninth or Choral Symphony, on Wednesday evening. The event attracted the traditional Mendelssohn audience—there were no seats left to sell after the assemblage had taken their places. The detailed excellence of the choir were commented on in this column last week. One can only add that in the rendering of their part of the choral symphony they sang with a glorious body of tone, with remarkable certainty of intonation and attack and with a lucidity of interpretation under Mr. Paur's direction that made the design of the music perfectly intelligible and brought out all its stirring grandeur. The solo quartette consisting of Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelcey, Miss Janet Spencer, Mr. George Hamlin, and Mr. Herbert Witherspoon grasped bravely the difficulties of the parts, but seemed nevertheless to be somewhat overweighed. On the whole the performance was superior to that of last season—superior in clearness and superior in regard to the better balance of the choir owing to the strengthening of the male sections. I may quote somebody else's opinion as to this.

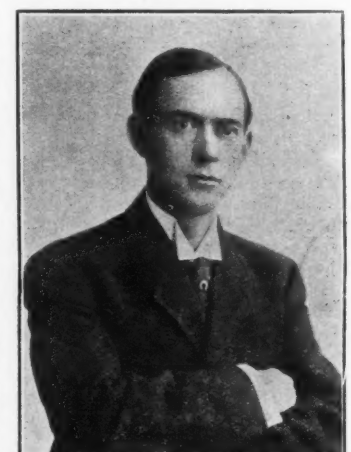
Andrew T. Webster, director of the Buffalo Philharmonic chorus, writing in the Buffalo Express says: "The men's chorus is superb * * * I have never heard anything to compare with the exquisite blending of the men's and women's voices. * * * As to general tone and quality, intonation and enunciation, there is really nothing to be said. If anything can be perfect in this world the Mendelssohn Choir is on those points." The other numbers of the evening were Mendelssohn's beautiful overture "Fingal's Cave," Spohr's dramatic concerto for violin, played with much finish by Luigi von Kunitz, and Beethoven's most attractive overture the superb Leonora No. 3. Mr. Paur gave a fine interpretation of the overtures.

On Saturday evening at the fourth concert, there was a similar crowded scene in the auditorium. One might place the total attendance for the four nights at twelve thousand people, among whom were delegations from outside cities and towns in Ontario as well as from Buffalo, Pittsburgh and New York. The great novelty at this concert was Tchaikovsky's symphony No. 4, in F minor, one of his greatest creations. The audience was specially delighted with the lovely Andantino, the principal melody of which was exquisitely sung by the oboe and other leading instruments and the dainty and ingenious Scherzo with its pizzicato for the strings so persistently maintained. Mr. Paur gave the work a most artistic reading, the fruit of study and familiarity with the score. The orchestra distinguished themselves also in Wagner's colossal Kaiser March and in the now well-known "Tannhauser" overture. The novelty for choir and orchestra was Brahms' "Song of Destiny," a composition of rare charm and revealing the hand of a master in its orchestration and general treatment. One noted the ethereal effects, the "angelic" suggestion of the tones of the choir in the Adagio at the portion commencing "Free From Care, Like a Babe That is Sleeping." As to the Allegro that was sung with absorbing volume. Still another novelty was the "Hymn Before Action," words by Kipling and music by Dr. H. Walford Davies, the clever English composer, who wrote the music for the morality play "Everyman," for the Leeds 1904 festival. This chorus is for male voices, and in this the basses and tenors of the choir won a supreme triumph for the imposing sonority and purity alone to say nothing of the realism of the nuances. Somewhat of a furor was created by the introduction of Lavalley's national hymn "O Canada," the words translated by Dr. T. B. Richardson, a member of the choir. Magnificently sung, this hymn had a profound effect upon the audience, its breadth, its simplicity and dignity of musical appeal, and its patriotic and religious sentiment going to make the elements of a popular success. The hymn, splendidly sung was unanimously encored, and was repeated. A glorious number was Grieg's double chorus "King of Kings," also re-demanded. A strikingly beautiful and impressive devotional composition, the power of its invocation was strengthened by the perfect rendering of the chorus. The numbers repeated from former programmes were Grieg's "Landerkunnig," Tchaikovsky's "Cherubim Song" and as an encore, "The Bells of St. Michaels."

On Monday afternoon the choir left on their pilgrimage to Buffalo and New York.

The recital last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music was given by piano and vocal pupils of Dr. Torrington, the following students taking part: Nina Coad, Edith Shand, Eveline Ashworth and Alvana Springer, (vocal); Mildred Hill, Mamie McDonald, Alma Clarke and Dollie Blair (piano). The programme included Trotter "A Rose in Heaven," Mascheroni, "For All Eternity"; Roedel, "The Coming of the King"; Donizetti, Cavatina, Handel, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" (vocal); Beethoven, Sonate Pathetique; Wagner-Brass, "Magic Fire Scene"; Verdi-Gottschalk, "Il Trovatore"; Fantasie, Liszt "Liebestraume"; Earl King and Moszkowski-Caprice Espagnol (piano).

Friends of Mr. Arthur Blight, Toronto's popular baritone, may hear him in his song recital, to be given in the Margaret Eaton School of Expression on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst., under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Melvin Jones, Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. Arthur Peplar,



Mr. Arthur Blight, Baritone
Soloist Metropolitan Church, who will give his Annual Song Recital at the Margaret Eaton School of Expression on Tuesday, February 19th.

Mrs. E. R. Wood, Mrs. A. W. Austin and Mrs. J. W. Flavell. Assistance will be given Mr. Blight by Miss Valborg Martine Zollner, pianiste, and Mrs. John A. Walker, who will sing with Mr. Blight in the song cycle "Gloria." Tickets are on sale at Nordheimers', 15 King street east.

The long lost manuscript score (in a copyist's hand) of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture has recently been found within the walls of the Royal Academy of Music, London. According to Grove's dictionary the overture was first played in England at a concert given by Drouet, the flautist, on midsummer night, 1829. Mendelssohn himself then a young man of twenty, conducting the performance. Grove adds: "After the concert the score of the overture was left in the hackney coach by Mr. Attwood and lost. On Mendelssohn's hearing of it he said 'Never mind, I will make another.' He did and in comparing it with the parts no variations could be found." The London Musical Times thinks that there is no authority for the story as Mendelssohn makes no reference to the loss in any of his letters, and suggests that the score after it got in the possession of the Royal Academy of Music was mislaid and remained undiscovered for seventy-seven years. It is interesting to recall the fact that five years ago the complete score of Purcell's "Fairy Queen" was found in the library of the Royal Academy of Music after having been lost for two hundred years. Reverting to the Mendelssohn overture it causes a smile to recall the Athenaeum criticism published March, 1830: "The overture to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' we have long heard of as a 'fairy performance' indeed! Now, for the life of us, we cannot find out the justice of such an opinion, unless the tick-

ling of fiddle strings in an unusually strange and uncouth manner, through a dozen dull iterations of the same idea, constitute a musical outline of fairytale. The imitations of a donkey's bray (in allusion, we suppose, to Bottom's transformation) and the puerile conceits in which this overture abounds, are unworthy of true genius. We agree with Burney that imitations are to be admitted only when they involve no absurdity. One particular merit, however, we observed in this composition; it really had the power of making the band play piano in two or three passages. This must have been produced by no common influence."

The subscribers' list is open for Miss Keating's recital at the Toronto Conservatory of Music Hall on Saturday evening, February 23, commencing at 8.30. The list will be open until Saturday, February 16, and applications may be made to Miss Keating, 6 Spadina Gardens, or at R. S. Williams', 143 Yonge street. The sale of seats to subscribers will take place on February 18 and 19, and to the public on and after Wednesday, 20th inst.

Between Liszt and Wagner, Saint-Saens cannot see much in common except their method of constantly transforming a musical phrase rhythmically, so as to make it express in turn different shades of emotion. "In regard to style, and the employment of the different resources of harmony and orchestration, they differ as widely as two contemporaneous authors belonging to the same school can differ." He attended the Bayreuth Festival in 1876, and the sixty pages he devotes to it constitute one of the very best accounts ever given of Wagner's Ring. Ridiculing those who say Wagner drowns the voice, he writes: "The least operetta makes more noise than 'Rheingold.'" In these music dramas we find "the theatre of the future; neither the opera nor the simple drama will ever rouse such deep emotions in the soul." "Wagner has imitated the mediaeval artists, who sculptured a cathedral as they would have decorated furniture." In "Siegfried" "the spectator is transported to an entirely new world, which music alone makes possible." In the same interesting way Saint-Saens discourses about Gounod, Berlioz, Rubinstein, Bizet, etc.

An English phonograph company has persuaded Adelina Patti to sing for it. It is of some interest to know what songs this "vocal link with the great past" chose at this stage of her career to give future generations some idea of her voice and style. There is a Spanish chanson, "La Calesera." "Ah! non creda mirarti," from "La Sonnambula"; "Casta Diva," from "Norma"; "Connais-tu le pays" from "Mignon"; Tosti's "Serenata," and Crouch's "Kathleen Mavourneen." Concerning the Spanish chanson this information is given:

One of the best known of the national songs of Spain. The calsero is the driver of a calash or native vehicle of Andalusia, and since the Diva owns Madrid as birthplace, a special intimacy with the requirements of such a *cancion* will be acknowledged. The performance is a veritable *tour de force*. No one would imagine it to be the same voice or singer of the artless "Home Sweet Home." The rich Spanish melody is given with unexampled verve and gusto, heightened by the fiery exclamations which interrupt its flow. The sheer abandon of the performance carries all before it, making us realize the real power which lay at the back of everything that Patti did, the power which enabled her to conquer all rivals in the fields of song. And to-day there is no living artist who could sing "La Calesera" with the same voice or mastery of virile expression as Patti here shows.

W. F. Pickard, organist of Bloor St. Baptist church, has been engaged to give a recital on the new organ in St. Paul's Presbyterian church, Warton, on the 26th of this month.

According to W. E. Walter of Boston, Dr. Karl Muck, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, must be classed among the broad conservatives in music. He confesses that he finds little inspiration in the music which is being written to-day. In our search for beauty, we must still go back to the masters of the nineteenth century. The music of to-day, he thinks, reflects the spirit of the times, which is of criticism and analysis, not of creation. He believes that absolute music reached its greatest beauty in Beethoven and operatic music in the operas of Mozart and the music dramas of Richard Wagner. He finds much that is interesting in the modern Russians, who, although often bizarre and often brutal, are sincere and write as they feel. He likes the strong national note in their music, and envies the Russians their rich store of folk material. The modern Frenchmen are interesting, although

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The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which will appear at Massey Hall on March 12 with the Schubert Choir, will be accompanied by Marie Kunkel Zimmerman, the well-known soprano of New York, and E. C. Towne the well-known tenor (both of whom have appeared at the Worcester and other important festivals). Dr. Hugh Schussler, one of the leading basses of Chicago, and Miss Harriet Frahm, alto, of Chicago. Franz Wagner is the solo cellist of the orchestra, and Edmund Foerstel concertmeister. Alexander von Fielitz, the eminent

Concluded on Page 18.



THE MARGARET EATON SCHOOL OF LITERATURE AND EXPRESSION.

The lecture by Professor Alexander, which was postponed from Feb. 2nd, will be given at the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, on Saturday, February 16th, at 4 o'clock, in the Greek Theatre on North Street.

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THAT splendid actor, Louis Calvert, tells an amusing story which has a most unexpected denouement. A certain hospitable but economical housewife had invited a party of friends to tea, and though she had no intention of killing the fatted calf she made up her mind to do the thing really well and provide the rollicking bun. Accordingly she went round to the baker's and sank sixpence. The good lady went home and examined her purchases, cutting each in half. Six were all right, but the seventh contained, instead of currants, the lifeless body of a fly. Being well aware that her guests were for the most part vegetarians and would therefore revolt at so barbarous a diet, she returned to the baker full of wrath and remonstrated.

"Are you aware that one of these buns had a fly inside?" It is disgraceful. I must have another bun instead."

The baker shook his doughy locks. "I'm sorry, madam, but it's quite impossible to do what you wish. But as the mistake was on my part, I will willingly make proper reparation."

"Proper reparation?" queried the plaintiff.

"Yes, I'll tell you what I will do. If you will bring back the fly I shall be happy to give you a currant in its place."

AN editor was talking about the famous English astronomer, Sir Robert Ball, who has recently declared that radium proves the earth to be 800,000,000 years old.

"Sir Robert Ball is as full of fun as of learning," said the editor. "Once I dined with him and a half dozen other scientists at Stratford."

"At the end of the dinner Sir Robert's eyes twinkled, and he said to the landlady at the quaint Stratford inn: 'Madam, I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you ever heard of the great platonic year, when everything must return to its first condition? Listen, madam. In 26,000 years we shall all be here again, on the same day and at the same hour, eating a dinner precisely like this one. Will you give us credit till then?'"

"Gladly," the landlady replied. "It is just 26,000 years since you were here before, though, and you left without paying then. Settle the old bill, and I'll trust you with the new."

A SMALL town out West had for a long time a Chief of Police, one Alf Church, noted for his bluntness and honesty. One day a grocer went to him for information about a certain Joe White, who had applied for credit and a book at his store, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Good mornin', Mr. Church."

"Mornin'."

"Do you know Joe White?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a fellow is he?"

"Pretty fair."

"Is he honest?"

"Honest? I should say so. Been arrested twice for stealing, and acquitted both times."

THE late Judge Saunders, of North Carolina, was noted as an angler, but he had a poor memory as to the weight of the fish he had taken. On one occasion a friend, trying to entrap him, said: "Say, Judge, what was the weight of that big catfish you caught the other day?"

The judge turned to his waiter and said, "Bob what did I say that catfish weighed?"

"What time yesterday, boss—in de mawnin', at dinner, or after suppah?"

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A CERTAIN distinguished but conceited advocate, not long ago after securing an unqualified statement from an octogenarian, who was bravely enduring cross-examination, that he "saw the whole thing as if it had occurred ten feet away," suddenly challenged him to tell the time by the clock in the court room. The lawyer did not look around himself, as he had done so about half an hour before, when he had noticed that it was half after eleven.

The old man looked at the clock and replied, after a pause, "Half past eleven," upon which the lawyer, knowing that it must be nearly twelve, turned to the jury and burst into a derisive laugh, exclaiming sarcastically, "That is all" and threw himself back in his seat with an air of having finally annihilated the entire value of the witnesses' testimony.

The distinguished practitioner, however, found himself laughing alone. Presently one of the jury chuckled, and in a trice the whole court-room was in a roar at the lawyer's expense. The clock had stopped—at half-past eleven.

AN old colored woman was seriously injured in a railway accident down south recently. One and all her friends urged the necessity of suing the wealthy railroad corporation for damages.

"I clart to gracious," she scornfully replied to their advice, "eff dis ole nigger ain't done git more'n nuff o' damages! What I'se wantin' now and what I'se done gwine to sue dat company foh is repairs."



IN ancient days Walter Wellman, even then a hunter after the North Pole, was one of the most assiduous of the players that assembled every night in the poker room of the New York Press Club. Mr. Wellman was ever a cautious player, and it was the irritated and annoyed Colonel Sterrett who spread continuously the rumor that Mr. Wellman was a man who could be easily induced to quit the game when his stack of chips had grown to respectable proportions.

It was while Mr. Wellman was preparing for one of his annual dashes for the pole that he met Colonel Sterrett and insisted on telling at great length of the preparations he had made for resisting the Arctic cold. Quite a little crowd gathered and listened attentively. Then Colonel Sterrett spoke:

"Walter, you have told us with great circumstantiality of the method to be adopted by you to prevent your face being frozen. That is the last thing that concerns us. What we want to know, Walter, is how in Heaven's name you are going to keep your feet warm?"

THE quickest action ever noted by a Cincinnati newspaper writer was illustrated when he reported a murder case in which one of the witnesses was a negro porter in the hotel that was the scene of the killing. The negro was asked how many shots he heard.

"Two shots, suh," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

"'Bout like dissaway," explained the negro, clapping his hands twice, with an interval of about a second between.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shining a gunman's shoes in duh basement of duh hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was a-passin' duh Big Fo' depot."

THE following story told by Bert Merrill, a well-known theatrical manager, would seem to bear out the frequent assertion that Denman Thompson has a following that is distinctly and decidedly all his own. The story has to do with a rural individual, who crowded his way up to the box-office of the Alvin, during a recent turn away performance of "The Old Homestead," in Pittsburg. When he got in front of the window he fished two dilapidated coupons from the depths of his pockets, and with that peculiar Alleghenian inflection of voice, whose finishing tone suggests an interrogation point, said:

"Can you give me these same two seats for to-night? I had them a year ago for this show."

A T one time there lived in Worcester, Massachusetts, an old negro who had a tremendous influence, religious and political, in the settlement where he lived. He occupied a little house owned by a prominent banker, but had successfully evaded the payment of rent for many years. No trouble came, however, until the banker was nominated to run for a political office. The next day the old negro came bobbing into his office.

"Well, Sam," said the banker, "I suppose you've come in to pay me some rent."

"Oh, no, boss," replied the old man. "I'se just come in to say I's glad yo is nominated, and I will tell de res' of dese no 'count niggers to vote fo' yo', and to mention to yo' at de same time dat de roof of my house is leakin', an' if it ain't fixed I'll have to move out directly."

EDGAR SALTUS, the brilliant novelist, was asked by a young lady at a tea if he thought that the use of quotations was a good thing.

"Quotations are good," said Mr. Saltus, "only when they are extremely apt."

"There was once a witty Irishman, James E. Fitzgerald, who made excellent use of a quotation in a political speech.

"During his speech he was repeatedly interrupted by a butcher, the proprietor of a large sausage-making plant. An adherent of Fitzgerald's finally took offence at the butcher's mocking remarks and yelled:

"'Hey, you, leave politics alone and go back to your sausage machines.'"

"The butcher glared at the man and retorted:

"'If I had this speaker in one of my sausage machines I'd soon make mincemeat of him.'"

"Then Mr. Fitzgerald quoted from the platform with a smile:

"Is thy servant a dog that thou shouldst do this thing?"

"WHEN I was in Howard Chandler Christy's illustrating class at the Cooper Institute," said a young grocer, "Mr. Christy told us that it paid to make ultrafashionable pictures, though sometimes such work had its disadvantages.

"He said that in the days before he had 'arrived,' he had some things once in a New York exhibition—some rejected magazine offerings that he hoped to get a few dollars for.

"They were fashion pictures, the same kind he does now, and one day, as he was lounging near them, he saw a well-dressed woman stop and level her lorgnette. Then, to his delight, she said:

"'Ah, if I only knew this artist personally!'"

Mr. Christy came forward.

"Permit me, madam," he said, "to introduce myself as the artist."

"What luck," the woman exclaimed. "Now you'll tell me won't you, the name of the dressmaker who made that tall girl's frock?"

AN Iowa man tells of an amusing incident in connection with an exposition held in that State, whereat one of the attractions was the Indian Department, where the red men dwelt in their teepees and mimicked their own history in dances and mock-fights.

After one of these exhibitions by the Indians, a Boston girl undertook to talk to a young Indian brave. "Heap much fight?" she said.

The red man smiled grimly, drew his blanket closer about his stalwart form, and replied:

"Yes; this is indeed a great Exposition. We flatter ourselves that our portion of the entertainment is by no means the least attractive here. May I presume to ask who it is that I have the honor to address?"

The Boston girl had been talking to a Carlisle graduate.

JUSTICE HARLAN, of the United States Supreme Court, recently celebrated the golden anniversary of his wedding, and the event brought to light some stories of the stalwart jurist. One relates how the justice was riding towards Washington on a sleeping car from Louisville. Before retiring he went into the smoking compartment to get a drink of water. There were half a dozen men in the place, and a flask had been passed around and the glass used for the liquor. Justice Harlan took up the glass, smelled it, and turned on the smokers:

"Who," he roared, in his deep bass voice, "has had the temerity to drink whiskey out of this glass?"

"I did," piped up the owner of the flask, somewhat awed by the great bulk of the justice.

"Then, sir," said the justice, sternly, "where are you hiding the bottle?"

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"Is thy servant a dog that thou shouldst do this thing?"

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GEORGE P. REID,
General Manager.

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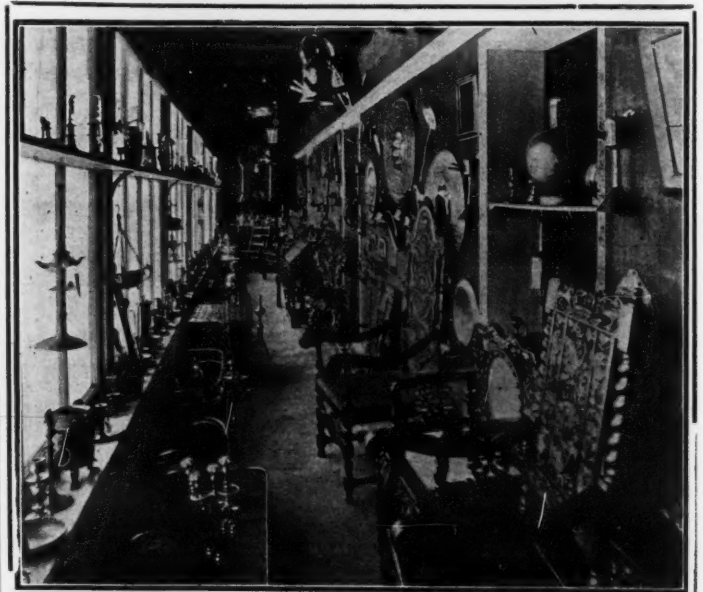


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Caesar and Cleopatra

The remarkable Shaw play which Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott present in Toronto next week.

In a foot note to his play, "Caesar and Cleopatra," Mr. Barnard Shaw takes the precaution of recommending his critics not to reject any incident as fictitious before consulting "Manetho and the Egyptian Monuments, Herodotus, Diodorus, Strabo (book 17), Plutarch, Pomponius, Mela, Pliny, Tacitus, Appian of Alexandria, and perhaps Ammianus Marcellinus. Or they may refer to Mommsen, Warde-Fowler, Mr. St. George Stock's Introduction to the 1896 Clarendon Press Edition of Caesar's Gallic Wars, and Murray's Hand-Book of Egypt."

On such terms of combat the dramatic chronicler at any rate will be prepared to concede the point of historic accuracy without debate, especially as historic facts, so called, sometimes bear very little relation to any truth that is worth the telling. Next to the moving interest of the narrative, the important consideration from his view point is that the episodes come within the realm of human probability, are consistent with our own experience, and that characters whose greatness for instance we are asked to assume, be endowed beyond the ordinary with certain qualities of heart and mind that we instinctively recognize as great, and that are universal in their appeal. Granted these conditions, and time and the modifying background are of relative importance only.

Whatever the effect on our preconceptions, Mr. Shaw has sketched a most conceivable Caesar, and a great character—one of the great characters of literature we may safely add. And if he has here and there projected something of his own likeness on the canvas, what matter? Have we not already decided that greatness is universal in its manifestations, and in this instance proves the author's admiration for the historic personage.

For, iconoclast that he is, Mr. Shaw has generously forbore to mar a single feature of this idol of Roman history. He has, it is true, blown away with more or less impious breath much of the dust of centuries and torn aside certain wrappings of tradition—respect in which history leaves its heroes. This much was to be expected. But the Caesar that emerges, clear cut, forceful, ready-witted, greatest among soldiers and first of humanitarians, is a hero for our worship, a man for our admiration and a "Roman from head to heel." He may be a little more human than we had thought him and the note of familiarity he invites, may shock us

into the humor of the situation at once, conceals his identity, and proceeds in a serio-comic and characteristically Shavian fashion, to instruct her in more queenly ways. The scene of their first meeting, so poetic in conception, so charming in its execution, provides some of the most perfect moments of the play. The picture itself as the curtain goes up—the great inscrutable Sphinx, the unending stretch of desert, the moonlight, a few red poppies scattered about the base of the idol and the sleeping child—is one of enchanting and incomparable beauty. The deep silence that pervades it all, too, silence as of ages fast asleep, presently broken—yet not broken, rather, one should say, made vocal—by the rich melodious cadences of Caesar's voice, as he speaks that noble apostrophe to the desert's god. A moment later, thanks to our jester in the wings, the spell is broken. Caesar starts from his reverie and we from our enchantment at sound of a childish, sleepy voice piping, "old gentlemen! old gentlemen." This is a novel introduction to be sure, and provokingly unconventional some may add, considering the importance of the personages, but it is very human nevertheless, full of humor, delightful in fancy, and charms you by very reason of its simplicity. The comic paternal relation which this salutation establishes—alas! the fatal disparity of years—is not without its humor, even pathos, as Caesar's countenance more than once reminds us. But this is the relation maintained throughout



FORBES ROBERTSON AS CAESAR.

solemnly explains that "blue is the color worn by all Britons in good standing." And to Caesar whose levity is a source of constant solicitude on the Secretary's part, he once exclaims, "O Caesar my great master, if I could but persuade you to regard life seriously as men do in my country."

The dominant notes in Shaw's "Caesar" are perfect simplicity of character even to playfulness, with its natural accompaniment, gentleness, an unflinching sense of humor, urbanity, bigness of heart and intellect. "Caesar has no hate in him," we learn from Cleopatra. "He makes friends with everyone as he does with dogs and children." And again, "his kindness is not for anything in me, it is in his own nature." And once when Pothinus has remarked the change that has come over her, Cleopatra makes answer, "Do you speak with Caesar every day for six months and you will be changed." His sense of humor as well as his benignity are disclosed at the outset in that wonderful sphinx scene where he comes upon little Cleopatra curled up and asleep between the paws of her god, whither she has fled in childish terror, on the approach of the Roman army. Caesar enters into the humor of the situation at once, conceals his identity, and proceeds in a serio-comic and characteristically Shavian fashion, to instruct her in more queenly ways.



GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS CLEOPATRA

have had its influence. Color is lent to this suspicion also from the fact that the little island "lying at the western end of the world, a day's voyage from Gaul," comes in for some good-natured chaffing in the course of the play, while its solitary representative Britannus, Caesar's Secretary, is the author's constant butt. When the punctilious Briton for instance is shocked in true British fashion at certain of the "social customs of Egypt, Caesar apologetically observes that his Secretary "thinks that the customs of his tribe and island are the laws of nature." Also when Cleopatra asks him if it is true that when Caesar found him his body was painted blue, Britannus

the six months of Caesar's sojourn, providing, what we have come to understand as, the "heart interest," of the drama, as well as the connecting thread of the various scenes.

The taunting realism, as someone describes it, with which Mr. Shaw has dealt with the profession of the soldier in "Arms and the Man," is more or less present in "Caesar and Cleopatra." But in spite of Caesar's own humorous quips on his calling, for instance, "taxes are the chief business of a conqueror of the world," the author makes him a real fighting soldier, a brilliant strategist and a commander of men. In both plays executive is the chief qualification for a soldier, and this Caesar possesses to a remarkable degree.

The magnanimity of the Roman is proverbial. He pardons his enemies and releases his prisoners on sight. And, when his generals protest, pleads the wisdom of his course in such homely terms as "My friend, every Egyptian we imprison means imprisoning two Roman soldiers to guard him." The ordinary passions of mankind, vengeance, resentment and so on, never possess this man. "Resent! O thou foolish Egyptian, what have I to do with resentment? Do I resent the wind when it chills me, or the night when it makes me stumble in the darkness? Shall I resent youth when it turns from age and ambition, when it turns from servitude?" And with what fine scorn and indignation he rebukes the treacherous slaying of Pothinus whom he had a moment before passed out in safety.

THE period of the drama is set down for 48 B. C. Caesar is a man of fifty, and Cleopatra a girl of sixteen. The action takes place in Egypt, the first act on the Syrian border, the other three in Alexandria. The episodic third act, the light-house scene, is omitted in Mr. Forbes Robertson's presentation. The primary object of this Roman invasion is to collect some 16,000 talents due for services rendered the elder Ptolemy, Cleopatra's father, in regaining his crown some years previous. This serves to introduce a very pretty touch of romance, for the young Roman Captain, whom Cleopatra, then twelve, recalls as "a beautiful young man with strong round arms who came over the desert with many horsemen and slew my sister's husband and gave my father back his throne," was none other than Mark Anthony. The story is charmingly told and history is cleverly anticipated in Caesar's promise to send Anthony back to Egypt on his return to Rome.

Cleopatra at sixteen is an earlier portrait than we have had heretofore and how refreshing it is to turn from our long gazing on the voluptuary, the *grande amoureuse*, we know too well, to this picture of charming inconsequent youth. In the Shaw sketch we find Cleopatra very much of a girl, elemental, cruel, superstitious, vixenish, tantalizingly young, and holding certain ideas of life and conduct that are as barbarous as they are youthful. She wants to be let do as she likes, "no matter whether it is the will of the gods or not." "That is because my blood is made with Nile water," she explains. She also informs Caesar that she will kill her brother and live in the palace at Alexandria and do as she likes even to poisoning her slaves "to see them wiggle." Under Caesar's tuition as we have noted she learns other wisdom, and had the great Roman remained a little longer at Alexandria, it is safe to assume that the course of history might have been considerably changed.

So much then for the main feature of Mr. Shaw's intentions toward the two historic personages, with whom, in passing, his play seems at all times more or less pre-occupied. Of actual drama he has furnished us the merest fragments—splendid fragments it is true, but scattered at wide intervals, while of action, in the sense of continuity of action, there is none. We have at most little more than a progression of incident, and what action there is in incidental and interpolated for the primary object, of portraiture. With such resources, however, Mr. Shaw has at hand these and other dramatic conventions may be more or less lightly set aside. The author has proved himself a most entertaining historian, and if for action he has substituted speech, the speech he provides is well pointed with brilliant epigram, glows with scintillations of wit, and shows profound depths of satire. There are irrelevances, of course, here and there, but the irrelevant jester in one form or another is an old stage expedient and in this case his jests happen to have a familiar point.

OF Mr. Forbes Robertson's presentation of the piece it would be impossible to speak in terms of too high praise. An admirable self-restraint is perhaps the key-note and the quality which first impresses one. And considering the very manifest temptations that surround it, this quality becomes a positive virtue. There is at all times a complete absence of anything like an attempt to

snatch a popular verdict by forcing humorous passages across the footlights, or to play for the laugh as it is commonly known. In fact the audience would seem to be somewhat ignored, as it should be, in the pre-occupation of the actors; and must moreover lend a diligent ear if it would not miss much of the point. The result is to bring out the hidden subtleties of the play's humor as well as the depth and profundity of its underlying satire. In Mr. Forbes Robertson's own performance of the central role, notwithstanding its setting of comedy, the insistent humor and playfulness—even levity, of the part on occasion—which latter the author ascribes to his (Caesar's) Latin temperament—the dignity of the Caesarian character is never for a moment seriously compromised.

The part was written expressly for Mr. Forbes Robertson, and as we have had unexpected opportunity to learn, the author has built more than he would perhaps care to admit on the strength of this actor's wonderful personality. Personality underlies all art, we know, and it is an equally trite observation that a great part calls for a great actor. But great as the Caesar of Mr. Shaw's history is, Mr. Robertson enriches it beyond measure with the wealth of his own splendid gifts, physical and mental. As a portrait it is unmistakable. The qualities of person—graces of the spirit shall we call them,—in which Mr. Shaw clothes the historic character, benignity, simplicity, unaffected naturalness, humor and urbanity, are precisely the qualities that attract one to this delightful actor. Add to these, the fine stage presence, the majestic poise and bearing, the intellectual strength, the forceful magnetic personality, and we realize something of the author's debt. There is a still subtler obligation to the actor that involves the unity and cohesiveness of the component parts of Mr. Shaw's highly suggestive, but somewhat inconclusive dramatized history. Then, to complete the debt, there are the glorious voice and gifts of eloquence surpassing those of any other actor of the present day. For although this Caesar does not strut or mouth or speak in blank verse after the manner of traditional heroes, noble lines, such as the apostrophe to the Sphinx or the speech on vengeance, are given him, and nobly are they rendered.

For the best of reasons Mr. Shaw could not have had Miss Gertrude Elliott in mind when he wrote the part of Cleopatra. Nevertheless the portrait could hardly have been happier, had this charming young wife of England's best actor been the young queen's original. It would be difficult to add anything to the charm of its naturalness, its suggestion of taunting youth, its teasing mixture of caprice, jealousy, fear, superstition, or vixenish cruelty. The gamut of human emotion is not large; in fact, it is well within the compass of a girl. Yet the scale is capable of very subtle gradations, and not the slightest of its notes is miscalculated in Miss Elliott's presentation. Nothing could be more artful in its artfulness, for instance, than her account of her white cat's desertion at a critical moment. And how human are her comic efforts to assert her authority over her household and the nurse in whom she has always lived in terror. In the third act, which by the way is thoroughly dramatic and quite perfect in construction, are some strong acting scenes which the queen shares prominently. Here Miss Elliott struck some of her fullest notes. But why dwell on the details of so well finished a picture?

The cast is entirely excellent and the mounting of the piece superb.

JOHN E. WEBBER.

New York, Feb. '07.

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"What was the cause of this rumour?" asked the judge.

"Well, you see, judge," replied the policeman, "this man here and that woman are married—"

"Yes, yes, I know. But what other cause?"—Cleveland Press.

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"You must be mistaken, dearest," replied Mrs. Newed, "The grocer's boy brought them this morning."—Exchange.

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This thoughtful and elucidative article on Bernard Shaw's play "Caesar and Cleopatra," written by Mr. John E. Webber, SATURDAY NIGHT's correspondent in New York, will be found of special interest apropos of the forthcoming presentation of the drama in Toronto by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson.

SOCIETY

Mrs. Arthur Dinnis was the hostess of a very enjoyable tea Tuesday afternoon in her new home on Walmer road. Mrs. Dinnis, wearing a gown of soft pink and white radium silk, received her guests in the drawing-room. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. A. L. Little, who was becomingly gowned in grey embroidered chiffon voile. Mrs. Arthur Abbott and Mrs. Allan Fisher also helped to welcome the guests in the drawing-room, and the quaint Dutch sitting-room adjoining. The tea-table was beautiful in a wealth of crimson carnations, with candle shades and artistically arranged ribbons of the same shade. The guests were well looked after by the girls in charge, the Misses Buryl and Beatrice Dinnis, the daughters of the house, Miss Ada Murphy, Miss Annie Sara, Miss Florence McCullough and Miss Edna Baxter.

Mrs. and the Misses MacNamara gave their second euchre Thursday afternoon in their pretty home, Church street. Six tables were arranged for the players, and the prizes were won by Mrs. Jennings and the lone-hand by Miss Young.

Among those registered at the Del Monte, Preston Springs, are: Mr. A. M. Oxley, Captain R. K. Barker, Miss Margaret George, Mr. P. H. Anger, Miss Mollie Sinclair, Miss Ethel Doane, Mr. W. J. Sykes, Mr. H. H. Ellis, Mr. S. B. Brush, Jr., E. H. Leighton, Miss Emma Irons, Toronto; Miss C. O. DeLisle, Mrs. R. V. Mattison, New York; Mr. C. B. Jones, South Orillia; Mr. T. Anderson, Hamilton; Mr. C. G. Lewis, Chicago; Mr. P. D. Perry, Fergus; Mr. R. C. Scott, Tillsonburg; Mr. Thomas Dick, Detroit; Mr. E. Ahrens, Berlin; Mr. W. J. Grant, Mr. M. H. Brown, Hamilton; Mr. E. S. Shields, Winnipeg; Mr. William Reynolds, Montreal; Miss Mabel Ghent, Mrs. Ghent, Hamilton; Gerald Freedman, London, England.

Mrs. Charles K. MacGregor, Huron street, leaves for Mexico this week, and will not receive again this season.

The engagement of Mr. John R. McCuaig of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto, and Miss Beatrice M. Brown, daughter of the late Albert Brown of Napanee, Ont., is announced. The marriage will take place in March.

Mrs. D. Kerrigan, formerly of Hamilton, received for the first time in her pretty new home in Brunswick avenue, on Friday last, assisted by her sister, Miss Simpson, a favorite with many friends in Toronto. A few musical people were among the callers which lent enjoyment to the hour.

Not long ago an Irishman, who had been in Denver but a few weeks, wanted to go into business. He had a little money and, after looking around a while, bought a cigar stand. When he had been in possession of it a week or ten days a man came in and sold him a slot machine. It was one of the kind in which a person puts a nickel and presses a lever. If the color he chooses comes he wins, if either of the other two on the wheel stops under the arrow he loses. The Irishman was told he could fix his own scheme of play for the machine. The first man who decided to try it said to the Celt:

"Tim, if my color doesn't come under the arrow I lose my nickel, eh?"

"Sure," replied the proprietor of the stand.

"Well, what do I get if I win?"

"You get another trial."

"Another trial?" came from the perplexed customer. "But, suppose I keep on winning?"

"Aw, gwan wid ye," said the Irishman. "You can't win more than two or three times in succession. If you do, you get another trial each time."

The customer changed his mind about playing the machine.—Denver Post.

Pat was out poaching. On turning a corner he suddenly came face to face with the squire. There was no escape, so he said, "Good morning; what brings you out so early, sir?"

"Getting an appetite for my breakfast," answered the squire. "And what brings you out so early, Pat?"

"Getting a breakfast for my appetite," was Pat's reply.

The Provincial Board of Health draws attention to the sad case of the Muskoka lakes. It seems that the bed of these lakes is so thickly covered with pint flasks, discarded by the American summer tourist, that the black bass can't swim without getting their feet cut.

The Auto-Car Girl.

She rises early to greet the morn,
The dashing girl of the auto-car,
With cheeks that rival the damask rose,

And eyes outshining the evening star.

In a motor-coat and a flowing veil,
Ere the city kindles its breakfast fires,

She takes a spin in her swift machine.
The wondrous steed that never tires.

She is off at last like a lightning flash,
With waving kerchief and dimpling smile,

To thread the tangle of traffic's maze,
Her speed increasing with every mile,

Till streets and houses are far behind,

And blackberry vines and wild-rose briars

Reach out in vain on the country road

To touch the rims of the rolling tires.

Her slender fingers are firm and true
In their steady grip of the steering-wheel,

Her head is cool, and her eyes are clear,

And her nerves are tempered and tense as steel.

With a merry party of friends she speeds

By shady forests and windy byres,

Where cattle come to the bars to gaze

At flying tonneau and twinkling tires.

Her practical ear is the first to hear
When the even purr of the motor "skips";

She is out and down in the dust at once,

The charming chauffeuse with cherry lips.

She knows exactly the tool to use,

And the length of time that the work requires,

And soon the ribbon of road again

Is reeling off from beneath the tires.

She loves the car that has borne her far

Through many a fair and flowery scene,

A thousand pleasures have made it dear

And bound her heart to the big machine.

A single blast of the brazen horn

Is all the music her soul desires,

And she points with pride to the sign of power,

The breadth of base of the rubber tires.

She was wooed and won in the summer-time

While racing under the silver moon,

And the snowy satin and frosty lace

Of bridal garments will robe her soon.

And the happy lovers have planned to go,

When spring is training her feathered choirs,

For a honeymoon in an auto-car

With orange-blossoms around the tires.

—Mina Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

CALIFORNIA CHARLIE was one of a trio engaged as human atmosphere in a recent melodrama in a New York theatre. Acting ability was not regarded in his case as a drawback, but long hair and an aversion to greasers were the prime essentials. At the opening performance Charlie did nobly, excepting for a wild desire to shoot holes into the piano player. He went on strike later in the week, when informed by the manager that he would be required to take part in the street parade.

"Nothing doing," growled Charlie. "I'm either an actor or a cowboy, but I'm giggered if I'm an Elks' convention."

DR. PARKHURST—there is only one Dr. Parkhurst of course, all Canadians know—told the other day a story in New York about a famous bishop.

"The bishop," he said, "likes a good cigar, and was travelling to Albany in the smoking car."

"A laboring man took the seat beside him, eyed his clerical garb, got a light from him, and said, as he settled back for a comfortable smoke:

"Pardon, sir?"

"The bishop hesitated. Then he answered blandly:

"I was once."

"Ah," said the laboring man, "drink I suppose?"

"Wyndley doesn't play the cornet any more, does he?"

"No, he thought he'd better give it up."

"Bad for his lungs, eh?"

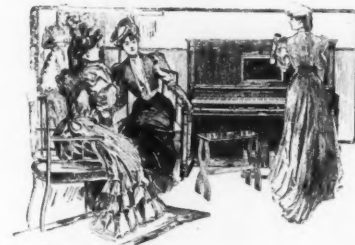
"It wasn't that. One of the neighbors shot two keys off the instrument while he was playing it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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MUSIC

Concluded from Page 15.

musician and composer of Berlin, is conductor. The orchestra is making a short tour of Canada, visiting some three or four of the important points prior to an extended trip through California. The orchestra made a tour to the Pacific coast some five years ago, visiting all the important musical centres of the United States. This year a tour of one hundred concerts will be made. At this concert, in addition to accompanying the choral numbers, they will play: Hymn and March from Aida, Verdi; Valse de Concert, No. 8, Op. 47, Glazounov; Andante and March from Raff's Lenore Symphony, No. 5, in E dur; Dance of the Hours, from Gioconda, Ponchielli; Tonbilder from Die Walkure, Wagner. By reference to our advertising column it will be seen that the subscription lists close on February 23.

Sibelius, Finland's greatest composer, is coming to the front in Berlin. Weingartner conducted his first symphony at a recent concert and Frau Ida Ekman devoted a whole recital to his songs. Otto Lessmann, the editor of the Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung, was deeply impressed by the symphony, which he characterizes as a tragedy in four acts. He finds that rare thing, individuality, in this music. Frau Ekman was called upon to repeat a number of the Sibelius songs. In these there is, besides the charm of individuality, a local color, melodic and harmonic, which brings into music new national traits. Mrs. Newmarch's pamphlet on Sibelius has already been translated into German.

Pupils of Mr. Frank C. Smith gave a musicale on Thursday evening of last week, at the Recital Hall of the R. S. William & Sons Co. The audience was a large one, and, apparently, well pleased with the excellent programme given. Miss May Ryan played an Andante from the Concerto by Viotti, No. 23, and "The Bee," by Schubert. Fred Denning displayed a good technique in De Beriot's duet in G minor, played with Mr. Smith, a movement from Haydn's Sixth Symphony, arranged for six violins and piano, was an interesting ensemble number, as was the Minuet by Mozart for sixteen violins. Benedict Clark was at his best in De Beriot's "Air Varié, No. 1, and Clarence Watson played a Fantasia by Weiss, his tone being especially good for so young a player. Others taking part were the Misses Margaret Orr, Isabelle Fraser, Edith Edmondson, Ruth Coryell, Beatrice Clark, Louise Cromar, Beatrix Ruchonnet, and Messrs. Lawless, Eastley, Grange, Taylor, Morgan, Bethune and Noble.

The Sherlock Male Quartette gave one of their popular programmes at Woodville recently, from an extended

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notice of which we clip the following: "Since the new Town Hall was built, three years ago," says The Advocate, "leading entertainers of the province have been heard in many excellent concerts that have been given in it, but the unanimous opinion of those who have been present on all such occasions is that the best programme ever heard in Woodville was that rendered by the Sherlock Male Quartette of Toronto last evening. The committee, in engaging this famous organization, rendered a distinct service to the music-loving people of the vicinity. The rich quality of tone, the fine harmony, the beautiful shading, all combined to make the singing of the quartette almost perfect."

Mrs. Mabel Manley-Pickard, soprano, who scored such a distinct triumph at Massey Hall in "Judas Maccabaeus," was coached for the occasion by Miss Marie C. Strong, under whom she has been studying for the past year.

Mr. Blakeley is maintaining his high reputation as a concert organist. Next week he will be in Markdale, Paris and Hamilton, inaugurating new church organs. He is also contemplating an extended tour later. A new console will shortly be installed in his own organ at the Sherbourne street church, replacing the present key-action by one more prompt and responsive, when the popular recitals, which have been so prominent a feature of Toronto's musical life in the past, will be resumed. Several novelties suggested by Mr. Blakeley are being introduced in the alterations to this fine instrument, which, in its appointments and refinement of tone, will not be surpassed in the city.

Special attention is called to the announcement on page 20 of Messrs. Courian, Babayan & Co.

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IN a recent number of a German magazine a writer offers a variant of the tale lately published in a book of children's true sayings, which relates how two small girls tried to sit on one stool, and one of them remarked:

"If one of us was to get off this stool, there would be more room for me."

The Teutonic version tells how a German sat by the bedside of his dying wife and murmured piously:

"If it pleases the good God to take one of us, I shall go to Berlin."

"Remember," said the Rev. Dr. Goodman, "when you find a moat in your neighbor's eye there's likely to be a beam in your own."

"That's right," replied Sinnickson, "it makes a man's whole face beam to find a moat in his neighbor's eyes."—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you know where my poor little ugly duckling is?" asked the distressed mother duck.

"Ah! madam," replied the polite but still hungry fox, "I have inside information on that point; you will soon meet your little one."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

REED—On February 9, 1907, at 176 De Grassi street, Toronto, the wife of William Reed, of a son.

MASON—On Monday, February 11, 1907, at 203 Madison avenue, Toronto, the wife of Major J. Cooper Mason, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

FITZSIMONS—CRAIG—On February 9, 1907, by the Rev. A. H. Evans, D.D., at the West Presbyterian Church, 42nd street, New York City, Eliza Isabella, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Craig of Dawson, Y.T., to Harvey Fitzsimons, Assistant Superintendent of Railways and Swamp Lands, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Ont.

HOLLIDAY—MACGILLIVRAY—Toronto, January 31, Reuben Edward Holliday to Florence Margaret MacGillivray.

HENDERSON—IRWIN—Winnipeg, February 2, Robert Henderson to Margaret Irwin, of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

BROWN—PICKERING—At the residence of Mr. George V. Brown, 908 Cass avenue, Detroit, Mich., by the Rev. Irving Wesley Stewart, Florence, eldest daughter of Rev. Dr. Pickering, St. Catharines, Ont., to Mr. Fred W. Brown.

DEATHS.

DAVIS—Toronto, February 11, 1907, Elizabeth Pease Davis.

FORSTER—Toronto, February 13, 1907, Mrs. Jane Forster.

JARVIS—Toronto, February 12, 1907, William Irving Jarvis.

THORNE—Toronto, February 11,

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1907, Louise J. Thorne, aged 20 years.

RAIKES—Midland, February 11, Lucy Gapper Rakes.

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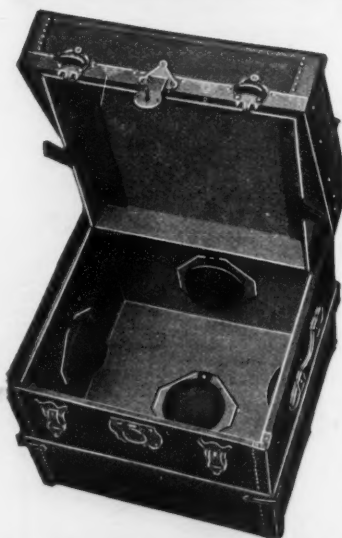


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Society at the Capital

THAT which was expected to have been a week of many festivities in the Capital was in a moment turned to a week of mourning, owing to the sad bereavement which has befallen Their Excellencies and the vice-regal household in the death of Lady Victoria Grenfell. The sad news came as a blow to everyone on Monday morning, as the brightest hopes had been entertained of a favorable turn on the day of the crisis—Sunday—when, unfortunately, the change was for the worse. Everything in the way of social events which had been arranged by various hostesses for the different days of the week were immediately postponed, most of them indefinitely, as Lent, being ushered in on Wednesday, makes it impossible to get them in before that penitential season. Mrs. Dale-Harris had sent out invitations for a tea on Tuesday, and Mrs. Drummond Hogg had also selected the same day for an affair of the same nature, and both were indefinitely put off. Mrs. George Perley was to have had a bridge party on Thursday, which was also cancelled, and dinners had been arranged for various evenings by Hon. Sydney Fisher, Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacLennan and Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver, none of which, of course, came off. A great many little luncheons, teas and dinners had also been arranged in special honor of Saturday's bride-elect, Miss Honor Clayton, which, under the circumstances, it was decided to abandon.

None of the Cabinet minister's wives received during the week, and, altogether, it has been the most restful week of the winter, and one has had time to fold one's hands and quietly ruminate—a good preparation for the Lenten season.

Mr. Victor Gray, Saturday's bridegroom-elect, arrived in town on Thursday, having just returned from a trip to Jamaica, where he narrowly escaped by one day being in the awful catastrophe which befell that island. On Thursday evening Mr. W. Lake Marler entertained in honor of Mr. Gray at a jolly little dinner at the Rideau Club.

As usual at this time of the year, many Ottawans are contemplating taking, or have already taken, their departure to the South or other warmer climes, to avoid the chill winds of the next six weeks or so, which this season invariably brings us.

Mr. Harry Southam left on Friday for a two months' stay in Southern California, and will be joined in Hamilton by his sister, Miss Ethel Southam, who will share this delightful holiday with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts-Allen left on Wednesday for Pinehurst, North Carolina, for a few weeks' sojourn, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wood and family expect to go shortly to Atlantic City for their usual annual visit. Miss Clemow has also selected Atlantic City in which to spend a few weeks, and, accompanied by her nieces, the Misses Bailey left for that point last week. Mrs. George H. Perley, accompanied by Miss Milly White, left on Sunday for New York, where they sailed by the Kaiser Wilhelm for France, and there will be joined by Miss Ethel Perley, who has been for some time studying in Germany and France. Mrs. Perley and party will spend Easter in Rome, and will probably remain abroad for some months.

Mrs. Ellery Lord of Hull, Mrs. Frank Scott and Miss Lois Scott formed a party, who left last week for an extended tour abroad, which will include a stay of some time in Italy, and also a visit to Palestine, and will extend over a period of some months.

Mrs. Wragge of Toronto is at present the guest of Miss Mary Scott, and on Thursday evening Mr. John Thompson gave a bright little dinner in her honor at the Golf Club. The Golf Club was also the scene of a second pleasant small affair on Friday evening, when Mr. J. A. Jackson entertained at dinner in special honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lugsden of London, England, who are spending several weeks at the Russell.

The one very bright event of the week was the marriage on Saturday, at St. Alban's Church, of Miss Maud Honor Clayton, only daughter of Mr. J. A. and Mrs. Clayton of Cobourg street, to Mr. Victor Garrish Gray of Montreal, youngest son of the late Mr. B. Garrish Gray, K.C. of Halifax, which took place at 2.30 p.m., the Venerable Archdeacon Bogert officiating. The pretty little church was beautifully decorated by the bride's friends with tulips, roses and palms. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and was gowning most exquisitely in a handsome Duchesse satin robe des noces, which had been imported especially from the Old Country. The bodice was gracefully draped with handsome Limerick lace and trimmed with silver tissue, small rhinestones sparkling in the shoulder epaulettes. The conventional veil and orange blossoms were worn and a bouquet of white roses and heather was carried by the bride. Mr. J. H. Pratt of Montreal acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall, Mr. A. Appleton and Major A. H. O'Brien, who preceded the bride up the aisle, followed by the bridesmaids and a pretty little flower girl. The latter, Miss Leah MacCarthy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lally MacCarthy of Toronto, was prettily gowning in white organdie and carried a shepherdess crook with pink flowers. Miss Elsie Cotton and Miss Jean Fielding, the two bridesmaids, wore very becoming and dainty costumes of pale blue silk *à la soie*, with high girdles of cloth of silver, and large blue hats with clusters of exquisite pink roses. They carried bouquets of large pink roses intermingled with lily of the valley. The gifts of the groom were also worn by them, and consisted of handsome bracelets of flagstone gold. After the ceremony a delightful reception was held at the home of the bride's parents in Cobourg street, and over two hundred guests were present. Mr. and Mrs. Gray left on the five o'clock train for New York, Mrs. Gray wearing an exceedingly becoming and well-fitting tailored gown of brown chiffon cloth, with hat of the same color, trimmed with shaded roses and soft brown tulle, her father's gift, a set of handsome furs, putting a finishing touch to a most *recherche* toilette. As the bride left for the station she, according to custom, threw her bouquet among her many young friends, and it was caught at one and the same time by Miss Pauline LeMoine and Miss Kirchhoffer. The many handsome and costly wedding gifts were displayed in a room upstairs, and included everything one could wish for in the way of silver, cut glass, pictures, etc. The Woman's Morning Music Club presented the bride with a beautiful silver jewel-box. The guests from out of town included Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Smith of Montreal, Mrs. Vincent Hughes of Montreal, Mrs. Lally MacCarthy of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes of Montreal, Mrs. Dunham Molson of Montreal and Miss Kathleen O'Brien of Toronto, who will remain for another week in the Capital with her brother, Major O'Brien.

On their return from the honeymoon, which will be spent in Boston, New York and other American cities, the newly-wedded couple will reside in Stanley avenue, Montreal.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, February 11, 1907.

The Book Crop of 1906.

THE book output of the past twelvemonth was more notable for its list of appalling length of mediocre new volumes than for its literary quality, says The Argonaut. More new books were published in 1906, probably, than in any year since the invention of the printing-press, but few were of pronounced merit. Among the serious works that will continue to have readers are Winston Churchill's life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill; Lord Rosebery's volume on the same statesman, Frederick Harrison's "Memoirs and Thoughts," Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore's "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," Frederick Trevor Hill's "Lincoln, the Lawyer," A. V. Williams Jackson's "Persia, Past and Present," and the Hohenlohe Memoirs. James Ford Rhodes' seven-volume history of the United States was completed during the year, and John Bach McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" reached its sixth volume. Historical books of value by Southern writers are John W. Headley's "Confederate Operations in New York and Canada," Myrta Lockett Avery's "Dixie, After the War," and "Memoirs of John H. Reagan." Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth" was the most widely read and discussed of the year's novels; other entertaining stories by American novelists were Booth Tarkington's "The Conquest of Canada," Winston Churchill's "Coniston," Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore," Robert W. Chambers' "The Fighting Chance," F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Tides of Barnegat," and Thomas Nelson Page's "On New-

found River." Kipling, Hope, Hichens and Mrs. Humphrey Ward contributed books of more than passing interest to the flood of fiction, and, of all the volumes by the newer English authors, E. V. Lucas' choice books have been eagerly sought by discriminating buyers. A number of books by Californians were among the most popular of the year, among them "The Plow Woman," by Eleanor Gates; "Rich Men's Children," by Geraldine Bonner; "White Fang," by Jack London; "Whispering Smith," by Frank Spearman; "Anthony Overman," by Miriam Michelson; "Montlivet," by Alice Prescott Smith; "The Flock," by Mary Austin, and "Reminiscences of a Sportsman," by J. Parker Whitney. Clever and interesting as these books are, a little brochure by Will Irwin, "The City That Was," may continue to have readers when they shall have been long forgotten.

Little Maiden.

Can you tell me, little maiden,
Why we never met before?
When you followed inland courses
Why I sought the distant shore?
When you chose the misty mountain,
Shady glen, and sunlit lea,
Why I wandered hungry hearted
By the turquoise summer sea?

Can you tell me, little maiden,
Why I squandered golden days
Heeding not the voice and vision
That would bridge our alien ways?
Every sunbeam flashed the message;
Every vagrant breeze that blew
From the dew drenched, curtained
Woodlands
Whispered symphonies of you.

Can you tell me, little maiden,
Why the flowers never die?
Why the summer laughs and lingers
On, forever, in the sky?
Why the birds are always singing,
Why the world is full of smiles?
Why the sunlight lamps the pathway
As we tread the shining miles?

Can you tell me, little maiden,
Of a hope that's coming true;
Of an answer to a question
Ever ancient, ever new?
By your drooping silken lashes,
By the pressure of your hand,
May I read your sweet permission—
May I know you understand?
—Joseph Van Raalte in New York Sun.

George Moore, the *doyen* of the Irish realistic novelist, has a rather curious manner of speaking; every now and then his words burst out of him in violent exclamations.

He set out with the young artists, Will Rothenstein and Walter Sickert, to see the picture in the Dulwich Gallery. They rode on a street car through dismal mile after dismal mile of London suburb, growing very gloomy.

Then Rothenstein said, "We're going through Peckham now."
"Peckham?" cried George Moore.
"We must get down and look at Peckham! I've written a story about Peckham!"

They got down and looked at Peckham; they walked along dismal streets; and the air of George Moore grew more and more harassed. At last he cried, "I do not see that haystack and that field! There was a haystack and a field in my story! Where are they?"

They walked along more dismal streets, and at last they came upon a policeman.

George Moore stopped and said to him, "Could you kindly tell me where I can find a haystack and a field?"

"There aren't no 'aystack nor no field in Peckham," said the policeman. "But there must be a haystack and a field in Peckham!" cried George Moore.

The policeman shook his head stolidly.

George Moore tottered on a few steps with a broken air, then threw up his arms to the skies and cried in a tone of anguish:

"That is the fate of the realist! He writes a story about a haystack and a field in Peckham and there aren't any there!"—Saturday Evening Post.

It was somewhere along the route of what was known as the Atlanta campaign, and the orders forbidding foraging were very strict—and very strictly enforced. After a morning of hard fighting Sherman was making one of his "flank movements," and the column was strung out along the road for miles. I was riding near the head of one of the columns, and perhaps five rods ahead of me was General Sherman himself.

As usual, he was about the worst-dressed man in the outfit—a shabby, disreputable old forage-cap drawn down close to his ears, and a private soldier's blue overcoat, a size or two too big for him, with no visible insignia of his rank to distinguish him. He was sitting "all humped up" in the saddle, chin hanging down on his breast, and reins lying loose on the horse's neck. Suddenly there came

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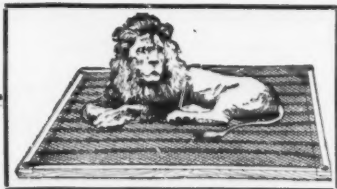
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a series of agonizing squeals and grunts from the brush at the right of the roadway, and in an instant a small "razor-back" shoat ran out into the road. Close behind it came a private soldier with musket at the charge. Just as the pig reached the middle of the road the man struck swiftly and surely, the bayonet passing through its neck and throat.

The General straightened up in his saddle, gathered up the reins, and commanded, "Halt, there, my man!" The soldier, recognizing the General, brought his heels together and saluted.

"What did you kill that hog for?" demanded Sherman.

"Without turning a hair or batting an eye, the man saluted, and said: "He bit me, General."

"That's right. If they attack you, kill them," was the reply; and, turning to me and dropping an eyelid, he remarked, "I knew those animals would hurt some of my men if they were not careful," and rode on.

I have always believed that "Old Billy" had some of that shoat for his supper that night.—C. C. Clarke, in Harper's Weekly.

"What becomes of a joke when it gets too old for the almanac?"

"The theatrical programme get is."

"And from there it's but a step to the musical comedy, eh?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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The Diamond Famine.

THE news regarding the diamond famine has been more than confirmed by investigations among the inhabitants of the diamond-consuming districts of New York city. Not only is there intense suffering along Fifth avenue and the Riverside Drive, but the gravest fears for the future prevail at Newport. Already many of the leading diamond families have given up their boxes at the opera, remarks a correspondent, as opera without diamonds is, to really musical natures, like "Hamlet" without Hamlet. "I went to the premiere at the Metropolitan in pearls," said one very rich lady, "and found the singing, acting, orchestra leading, costumes, scenery and stage management wretchedly inadequate. Now last year, before I gave my diamond tiara to my daughter, I used to wish that a 'Gottterdammerung' might last twice as long as it does. How different things are this year. Why, the other night at 'Faust' I was overcome, and had to be carried home as soon as Marguerite began to sing the 'Jewel Song'."

As the lady spoke, she dashed a string of emeralds against the wall and burst into tears. "My wife is starving," cried a renowned downtown banker, "for new diamonds. She says that the glint of the pearl does not hold the wandering eye of the public. As a result she is wasting away. When I bring her imitation diamonds she waves them away with disdain. What am I to do? Oh, what am I to do? Ah, the thrice-cursed Diamond Trust!" When told that a relief ship loaded with anti-trust diamonds was on its way from South Africa to New York the banker wept with joy. "May it arrive before the end of the opera season!" he cried. "My wife adores music!"

Another lady, one of the brightest lights in the glittering horseshoe for years past, was found in a state of great indignation.

"I haven't had a new diamond for a month," she sputtered, "and I'm dying from lack of nourishment! Not a diamond for a month, I tell you! And I a parvenue—why, I might as well be an aristocrat!"

And yet the members of the Diamond Trust hold back the output of the mines! With fiendish cruelty they store up the glittering stones, those lumps of petrified light and

heat, just when a winter of opera is setting in which promises to be severer than any New York has ever experienced.

The Gentle Ghost.

Ah, Love! if to-night, in the long dark hours—
The desert that leads from dusk to dawn—
You came through the tumult of winds and showers,
To the lonely house and shadowy lawn,
In the hour of release for your gentle ghost,
In the hour when we hope and believe the most—
Though your feet, as they always were, be light,
I should hear you come through the storm to-night.

A clear space breaks in the windy sky,
And cruelly bright the moon looks through!
The tempest ends in its deepest sigh;
The fields are silver with frosty dew.
Now, now, when the day is a sleeping child,
And the tortured world again takes breath,
Come out of your Eden undefined,
With a gift in your hand of life or death!

—Edward Sydney Tylee.

"Did you enjoy the concert?" asked the artistic young woman.
"Yes," answered Mr. Cumorx, "I enjoyed it. But I was afraid to say so for fear mother and the girls would reprove the performers for playing that sort of music."—Washington Star.

Rest for mind and body. Visit "The Welland," and bathe in the St. Catharines mineral spring water. Call up G. T. Ry. Office, King and Yonge streets.

Herbert E. Simpson, photographer, formerly of College street, has opened a studio at 108 Yonge street, five doors south of Adelaide.

The Hotel del Monte, Preston, Ont. Convenient to Toronto. Reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK

THE ambition of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto to win a Metropolitan reputation is worthy of all commendation and a very natural step in its steady artistic growth. Home praises have long been its portion and the laurels of its native land have been bestowed without stint. With such laurels it might have retired. But in further proof of the artistic seriousness of its endeavors it would test that verdict before the most important tribunal of the continent. For New York, in spite of the evidence of certain senses, is still the mecca of all the musical and dramatic aspirations of America. Should Toronto's famous Choral Society win recognition here, as we hope it may, it will for the present at least have fulfilled its artistic destiny. The singers will of course come without illusions and if they will also leave their native laurels, in a snow drift outside the city gates so much the better. In the larger sophistication of the metropolis, "diplomas from home" might savor of the provinces. Canada, moreover, has little art reputation hereabout and even its geographical whereabouts is not too generally known. And finally, New York must be paid the compliment of discovering what it would praise. At least this is the observation of those who follow the drama somewhat closely.

A number of important dramatic changes will divide attention with the concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir. Ellen Terry for one enters upon the final week of her present engagement, replacing "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," with a double bill consisting of an old favorite, "Nance Oldfield," and "The Good Hope." This latter is by Herman Heijerman, a Dutch dramatist, and, though the play is somewhat unknown here, is said to have had successful runs in London, Paris and Holland. London critics, while pronouncing it gloomy and depressing, declare it to be a very powerful story withal. The character which Miss Terry assumes in this is that of a simple Dutch woman, widow of a fisherman, a part which is said to provide her a medium of strong, moving passion and pathos. Though Miss Terry has made her greatest successes in comedy, it will be interesting to note how she will appear to us in this new guise, bereft as it will also be of the many personal charms that have proved so potent a factor in her art.

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will follow their beautifully poetic rendering of Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell" with a week of repertoire, including "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Merchant of Venice." This remarkable combination of stellar talent is making a strong appeal to intelligent playgoers, and it is gratifying to know that such praiseworthy efforts toward higher things are meeting with a generous response.

In new offerings we shall have opportunity to welcome Henrietta Crossman, after a long absence, in a reigning London success, "All-of-a-Sudden-Peggy." From all accounts this comedy should provide the charming, vivacious actress with a part admirably suited to her, and may we hope, worthy of her really fine acting talents.

"Genesee of the Hills," the latest example of the Western play, will succeed Miss Blanche Walsh in "The Straight Road" at the Astor Theatre. The play is an adaptation of Marah Ellis Ryan's "Told in the Hills," but just how much of the quality of the book has been retained remains to be seen. The story dealing, as it does, with cowboys, real fighting Indians and soldiers, should, however, provide some interesting and effective melodrama. Genesee Jack will be impersonated by Robert Drouet and among others in the cast are Miss Chrystal Herne and William Courtleigh, names that bespeak a capable presentation at least.

Something quite out of the ordinary will be the contemplated production of a drama of modern life, "The Reckoning," by Arthur Schnitzler of Venice. The scene of this venture will be the little Berkeley Lyceum, where Mr. Arnold Daly began and continued for so long his successful campaign in behalf of the Shaw drama. Mr. Robert Hunter is behind the present venture, and if it be a really serious effort to find a stage for the literary drama, let us hail it with gratitude.

J. E. W.
New York, February 12, '07.

"And shall you carry out your plan of visiting Blue Grotto at Capri this year, Frau Lammer?"

"Alas, no, Frau Spits; we are in mourning this summer, so we are going to the Black Forest."—Figaro.

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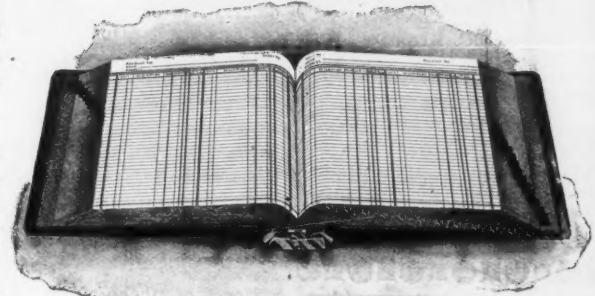
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Foils.

Give me drifted winter-ways,
Whence, returned, the ingle-blaze
Shall like altar-fire divine
Leap before these eyes of mine.
Give me hours of hungry dearth,
That I may possess the earth—
Find Olympian banquets spread
In the country wine and bread!

Give me Strife (who so love Peace!)
That, when furrowing wars shall cease,
Fruitful be the olives found,
Springing from that blackened ground.

I, who so love Love—ah,—yes!
Give me Hate and Bitterness,
That, when these are past and done,
Love and I may more be one!

Give me sleep that I may feel
Clotho's hand now start the wheel
Of another day's bright spinning
And when warp and woof are thinning,
And the daylight is half blind,
Give me Death, that I may find
Life, upon some morning height
Sheen and sheer above the Night!
—Edith M. Thomas, in Atlantic Monthly.

Sir Walter Raleigh declared that truth in history was an elusive quality, and from Josephus to John Fiske historians and biographers have been ridiculed and refuted. In a recent letter to The New York Evening Post, that erratic yet ever entertaining English critic, Andrew Lang, adds a chapter to the great volume of general disbelief. He says:

"People who have time know the 'memoirs' of General Marbot. It may depress them to find that Dr. Rose, that great master of Napoleonic learning, while he admires the general as much as all good and wise people do, does not think his 'Memoirs' more valuable, historically, than any other memoirs. All memoirs known to me are subject to grave suspicion as sources for the historian. The more you examine them in the light of original contemporary documents, the less you see reason to believe them. I used to believe in General Marbot, and even his famous fighting mare, Lise, and I would not discredit him on the evidence of a Napoleonic bulletin, or the report of a Napoleonic commission of inquiry. L'un vaut bien l'autre. Some skeptics have even denied that the general's 'memoirs' are genuine, that he wrote them himself. Dr. Rose does not go so far as that; and, if any other mortal than the general wrote his delightful book, that mortal signed himself Alexandre Dumas. Pray observe that the general did suffer all the

glorious wounds which he claims; he was even hit by an arrow: the official records exist. On the whole I believe that he believed what he said, and what more can one ask of a writer of memoirs?

It is asserted that the Duke of Wellington, in his old age, used to aver that he rode from Waterloo and visited Blucher on the eve of the great battle in which that splendid soldier played so honest and noble a part. If the duke said it, the duke believed it, but the thing did not "go through the empty formula of occurring." It was a mistake of memory; we all make mistakes, and Marbot may occasionally have erred. But he meant well, and one can forgive him a few, or even many inaccuracies, because he confessed that he could never understand any published account of any battle in which he had taken part.

"Where's the president of this railroad?" asked the man who called at the general offices.

"He's down in Washington, attending 'th' sessions o' some kind uv an investigatin' committee," replied the office boy.

"Where's the general manager?"

"He's appearin' before 'th' interstate commerce commission."

"Well, where's the general superintendent?"

"He's at 'th' meeting o' 'th' legislature, fightin' some new law."

"Where's the head of the legal department?"

"He's in court, tryin' a suit."

"Then, where is the general passenger agent?"

"He's explainin' 't' 'th' commercial travellers why he can't reduce 'th' fare."

"Where's the general freight agent?"

"He's gone out in the country 't' attend a meetin' o' 'th' grange an' tell 'th' farmers why he ain't got no freight cars."

"Who's running the blame railroad, anyway?"

"Th' newspapers."—Pittsburg Press.

A Bangor woman sat up till one o'clock the other night waiting for her husband to come home. At last, weary and worn out with vigil, she went upstairs to retire, only to find her husband in bed fast asleep.

Instead of going down town he had stolen upstairs and crawled into bed, which made his wife so mad she didn't speak to him for a week.—Bangor News.

"Reporters are often snubbed," says Richard Harding Davis. "There is a stupid type of man that likes to snub them. Such a man, a bank president, once tried to snub my friend Jimmy Patterson. The bank

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had gone up through a defalcation and Jimmy went to interview its head. But its head was crusty. He refused to be interviewed. He took Jimmy by the arm and led him toward the door, "Young man," he said, "I always make it a rule to mind my own business." "Were you doing that," said Jimmy, "when the cashier made his haul?"—New York Sun.